THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume III | New York, Wednesday, November 25, 1925 | Number 3

CONTENTS

The World and Its Conduct 57
Week by Week 59
David and Goliath 63
Norsemen in America 64
The Apostle of Africa .....Felix Klein 65
Lyra Mystica (*verse*) .....Thomas Walsh 67
State Universities, IV.Ernest Sutherland Bates 68
November (*verse*) .....J. Corson Miller 70
China: Greatest of Problems..Patrick J. Ward 71
A New Architecture .....Barry Byrne 73
Keeping Out of College .....Don C. Seitz 76
A Resurrection .....Grenville Vernon 76
Communications 77
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 79
Books ....Dorothea Lawrance Mann, Edwin Clark 80
The Quiet Corner 83

THE WORLD AND ITS CONDUCT

A DISTINGUISHED Austrian statesman said recently that the biggest political task of the moment is "to overcome stage-fright in the presence of truth." There is a great deal of pith in the remark. We all—nations of the new world as well as peoples of older Europe—must face the fact that prejudices and impressions to which we succumbed during long years of constant battle cannot be squared with actuality or political justice. Our representatives should be brought to admit frankly that the society in which they professed to believe we were living during war, was, for the most part, a highly colored product of imagination and passion. The hour has now come when we must realize that improvement depends upon everybody's rubbing his eyes and looking about fearlessly. It will not do to bewail the human vision. It would be foolhardy to say—"We have been misled; therefore from now on we shall trust nobody." A professor who has absent-mindedly mistaken his dripping umbrella for a fountain-pen will not immediately forswear the mechanics of literature. A nation, recovered from a shattered illusion, ought to be a step nearer, not to abstention from reality, but to mastery of reality.

Now it seems obvious that people like Senator Borah are infected with a strange and timorous reaction from confidence. They are of the opinion that the United States, which found the world a difficult place in which to crusade, must now avoid all contact with international society. The Senator's policy is, in substance, a declaration of war against every form of supra-national activity. He is opposed to the League of Nations because it is an "entanglement;" he frowns upon American participation in a World Court because that would be an "entanglement;" he has impeded a generous settlement of the debts because generosity itself would be an "entanglement." There is something to be said in favor of these various negations, but obviously it is not the awful word "entanglement." That is merely a hang-over from days when world conditions were wholly different from what they now are. The American business man has long since realized that his country is not hedged in with an impassible fence; the American educator has made plentiful room for foreign culture; and the American student of public affairs realizes more and more how impossible it is for a nation to avoid being, at least in some respects, internationally minded. If the average citizen is still stoutly entrenching himself against "foreigners," the fact is due to his relative unfamiliarity with contemporary political affairs. Sen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ator Borah and his group may represent this average citizen, but they have no plausible excuse for doing so.

As the days pass it grows increasingly obvious that the chance for international leadership which once seemed within the grasp of the United States has been lost. The nation is even drifting into an attitude of sulky aloofness which, aggravated as it is by immigration restrictions and dictatorial moral supervision of visitors from other countries, is not catastrophic only because circumstances are temporarily favorable. That is the result of our blindness to the world in which humanity now lives. That is the penalty of "stage-fright in the presence of truth." We ourselves shall not, in this place, champion any particular form of international association, believing as we do that suggestions for action are dependent upon the formation of an official policy by the government. But we do hold that this policy must be something better than a surly "no." To awaken citizens everywhere to the understanding that there can be a close relation between social events and social law, that democracy must be brought to bear upon the development of existing political tendencies, and that plain civic duty demands plain civic honesty—these are our objects and they are so palpably expedient that nothing further need be said on their behalf.

Fortunately a book has been prepared by an eminent student of current affairs for the guidance of everybody who wishes to see international facts as they are. Professor Parker Moon's Syllabus on International Relations, designed though it is for study-clubs and interested groups in all ranks of society, may at first seem overwhelming in its complexity. The book was prepared with the constant help of men gathered for the purpose by the Institute of International Education. Its outlines and bibliographies are relatively complete (though here and there one is somewhat astonished at an omission) and are therefore satisfactory guides through the vast accumulated discussion of the subject. The great virtue of Professor Moon's work, however, is not its erudition—it is a four-square recognition of the fact that you cannot isolate a single event or policy for the purpose of making an independent estimate. An opinion about what the United States ought to do at the present moment in order to aid the progress of world affairs must be based upon knowledge—accurate, unprejudiced knowledge—of what has been going on in the period of time that surrounds the present moment. Professor Moon aims to provide the necessary accurate dossier. He does not plead for any specific act; he does not urge a brand-new theory. He simply maps out the lay of the land.

What are the great problems over which modern nations have come to blows? The Syllabus groups them under three heads: nationalism, imperialism, and militarism. If the reader will turn, for instance, to a very clear and illuminating section which is devoted to the analysis of nationalism, he will find the details of what this term has meant in theory and practice set forth in so complete and orderly a fashion that he cannot avoid—at the very least—the realization that he is concerned with definite and tangible information instead of with something vague and gaudily tinted—like a stump speech by a "man of feeling." Now since these three problems have been basic in modern history, how have the various nations attempted to deal with them in political practice? Professor Moon answers with a careful summary of the history of international relations to date. Scanning this summary one is surprised to find how constantly the basic sources of unrest have supplied the fuel of wars and chaos. Can one expect that recognition of these facts will lead to the introduction of remedial agencies which are practical in character? The Syllabus replies to this question with an analysis of what has been accomplished in the way of international arbitration and international association.

It seems to us that Professor Moon and his associates have rendered a service which is potentially very valuable. Most Americans who oppose what they term "entanglements," do so because they feel that the sponsors of international action are idealists or cosmopolites who wish to carry on a policy which was found fruitless and intolerable during the time of war. But if they can be successfully urged to study conditions and events as presented in the Syllabus, they must see that the great aim of the contemporary effort to lay the foundations of world society is to find a solution of those basic and destructive problems which finally led to the catastrophe of 1914. In the strict sense, an out-and-out idealist is a person wholly indifferent to the world of facts; and of all the "idealists" we know, Senator Borah and his ilk are the most authentic. They suppose that America, which lives in the world of affairs and is inevitably subject to the world's political laws, can forever escape a repetition of the A. E. F. by simply refusing to have anything to do with attempts to remedy the conditions which created the A. E. F. That is blindness—or something worse.

The Commonweal will continue its effort to arouse Americans to see the necessity for a more honest concern with what is being accomplished in the struggle to outlaw war by removing the causes of war. It will be an earnest effort because the Catholic body, which a magazine like this must always have particularly in mind, has been summoned to action by the voice of the great Pontiff, Benedict XV, in these words—"The evangelic law of charity is the same between individuals as between states and nations, which are indeed but collections of individuals . . . There has begun a universal drawing together of peoples, moved to unite by their mutual needs as well as by reciprocal benevolence, which is more marked now that civilization is so extended and means of communication so marvelously increased."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

HENRY LONGAN STUART

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE festal board at which Mr. Charles Evans Hughes was extolled recently by friendly New Yorkers was not without its suggestions of lively devotion to certain forms of international action sponsored by the former Secretary of State. But in his own address of appreciation Mr. Hughes paid less attention to the World Court than to a broader and more abiding topic—the spirit in which our relations with other peoples ought to be conducted, and the tasks of those to whom our diplomacy is entrusted. The public can know only a very little about what is going on; the public should amplify its confidence with the tribute of a little patience. "If the government is appropriately to deal with the delicate situations which arise in foreign affairs, where the object is not humiliation and controversy but the making of agreements which will assure the benefits of peaceful intercourse, the President and his representatives must have the margin of freedom which is essential to negotiation, and there should be very grave reasons for not accepting the result," said Mr. Hughes. "To equip the negotiating authority with the best talent, to avoid embarrassing it during the period of negotiations, to sustain as far as possible its prestige—that in the long run is the line of security and international influence." Naturally one may wish that words enshrining so much experience and authority might come to serve as a rule of conduct when there is question of choosing a head of the State department, assistants and diplomatic representatives. Public support of a policy is likely to bear a direct relation to the public confidence in those who shape the policy.

THE settlement of the Italian war debt on a strikingly generous basis seems to indicate that the government has bowed to a public opinion which favored leniency in the dictation of terms. Count Volpi, who must have thought long and arduously on his way here, returns to his native land adorned with a concession which, taking interest into account, means that over two-thirds of the Italian obligation has been canceled. The rate at which payment is to be made has all the virtues of an easy instalment plan; Great Britain is professedly satisfied with the situation; and the habit of comparing the United States to Shylock has gone out of fashion on the rialtos where Mussolini is the master. While the insinuation of French observers who say that the strength of the Italian vote in this country was not without its weight in official circles cannot entirely be whisked into space, it seems certain that previous experience in debt-funding has brought its obvious lesson.

THERE are people in the Senate and elsewhere for whom the delicacies of international conduct are of no moment; but the government is not wholly in the hands of such people. In very many ways, Americans of diverse sorts are vitally concerned with the attitude taken towards them abroad, and it seemed for a while that the wrangling over indebtedness might be followed by unpleasantness which some citizens, at least, would find disastrous. Now, with the hope that negotiations with the French may be reopened with better results, the belief is strengthened that once more we have decided not to throw away the good will earned during years of warfare. Upon such good will there is no immediate price, but the isolation of Russia from the business of the world teaches with effective eloquence the value of international friendships. As a nation we can put up with financial loss much better than with indignant neighbors. And if all the debts are settled at a reasonable discount, a great spectre will have been laid.

A REMARKABLE picture of the progress made by the Church in Brazil since the establishment of the republic in 1890, is given in a recent number of Le Vingtième Siècle, a review published in Belgium. It comes from Monsignor van Caloen, a Belgian Benedictine, who has been for years conducting an apostolate among the Indian population of that country, and who is at present at Antibes, recruiting his strength and, incidentally, busy with schemes for a mission in Russia. "The sixteen dioceses of 1893 have now become seventy," says Monsignor van Caloen. "Brazil today is hardly recognizable. An excellent clergy has restored all its old prestige to the practice of the sacraments. Baptism, marriage, and the last sacraments had remained a tradition, but the rest was gravely compromised. Catholic life has had the most consoling revival . . . The Church, separated from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the state (but to which, in 1893, all its property was left) lives, and lives well, solely on the contributions of the faithful." Monsignor van Caloen cites two recent occurrences as especially significant. One was the conversation of Senhor Ruy Barbosa, the statesman who had much to do with bringing Brazil in upon the Allied side in the late war. Another is the staunch confession of faith made by President Fernandez, at the time of his election to the head of the federacy. "If you elect me, I promise to be everyone's President, respecting the letter and spirit of the constitution. What am I? I am a Catholic, apostolic and Roman, and that is all I have to say about myself."

THE text of the concordat arrived at between the Holy See and Poland is interesting, especially because it reveals the readiness of the Church to coöperate with those whose task it is to rebuild the nation. Regulations governing education have been made very explicit and show the importance which is attached to this department of civic control. As reported by a Warsaw journal, the regulations are as follows: religious instruction is obligatory in all public schools excepting those devoted to higher learning. In so far as Catholic young people are concerned, the instruction shall be given by persons appointed by the school authorities and chosen from those empowered by the Church to teach religious subjects. Ecclesiastical authorities shall have the right to determine the program of study and the moral fitness of the instructor. Though this is far from being all that the Holy See might ideally have desired, it is a practical working agreement which cannot fail to result in mutual good will and security. In fact, the concordat as a whole, shows how earnestly and conciliatingly the Papacy has labored to reduce the friction in contemporary Europe without sacrificing a jot of the principle which must be defended resolutely if Christendom is to be advanced. Those who, in this country, are given to fantastic fears of "Roman aggression" and so forth might do themselves a priceless favor if they took the trouble to observe what the Holy See is accomplishing for the peace and enlightenment of the world. There is nothing like "circumspection in the drawing up of an opinion," as the Chinese scholar remarked to those of his students who were of a serious frame of mind.

THE words of Marshal Foch in dedicating a memorial to the seminarians of Polignan, in the Haute Garonne, "who died as brave men before God," are the words of a soldier uttered to soldiers in whom the heart of the great captain recognizes the qualities of devotion and self-sacrifice which reconcile the Christian to war. Wisely, perhaps, they took no note of the injustice that the laicizing policy of the French government perpetrated in exacting the full duties of citizenship from priests, while refusing, alone among the combatant nations, to take into account the special functions which the possession of sacred orders confers.

THE blindness of the French anti-clericals, in their laicizing, pre-war policy, worked its own remedy. It filled the ranks with devoted men who shared to the full the dangers and drudgery of their fellows in misfortune. To the soldier, who perhaps all his life had been taught to look upon the wearer of "la calotte" as a man who shirked the rough and tumble of life, it gave a comrade at every moment of the day and night, from whose hands covered with the mud of the trenches and grey with cellulose fumes, absolution and comfort might be his any time he turned to them. The work of mercy accomplished by army chaplains is more or less on record. The apostolate of the soldier-priest, obscure and unchronicled as it must necessarily be, will never be known until the Day of Judgment. Like the confessor of old, whose only crime was his faith, herded into prisons and transports among the outcasts of society, he brought hope where perhaps hope would never have reached but for him. His presence at all as a combatant in the firing line was a discrepancy and injustice. But in an injustice and discrepancy the most dramatic and complete conversion of which history keeps record had its source. "We indeed suffer justly—but what has this Man done?"

THE religious bigotry that lies at the root of Ulster rule and the rough disregard for their rights with which Catholics who find themselves within its boundaries are being treated, is illustrated afresh by a recent incident. The position of Sir Denis Henry, once attorney-general for Ireland in the Lloyd George administration, was always something of an anomaly. A fervent Catholic, the chances of politics aligned him all his life against the majority of his co-religionists, though his honesty and single-mindedness earned him respect even among political opponents. The recent death of Sir Henry, who was the only Catholic in the judicial service of the Ulster government, offered the North an opportunity to respond to the statesmanlike attitude of the Free State government, where no less than five out of the nine chief judges are of the minority faith. Despite the fact that there is no lack of available talent, the vacancy has been given to a Protestant lawyer, with the result that the immense Catholic population of Ulster is now represented by not a single high official of its own communion. In justice to the sectaries at Belfast, it must be owned that they make no secret of their determination to run their government on a basis of religious and racial exclusiveness. But the contrasts that one incident after another is offering of the very different spirit reigning North and South of the disputed boundary line, will not be without their effect on the opinion of the world, when the matter comes up for final settlement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE trial of General Mitchell is an exhaustive affair. It seems to involve all the ruses of logic, veritable mountains of bibliographical material, and a certain leavening quantity of dynamite. The fact that the army dearly loves red tape, though it will hardly startle anybody who has ever draped himself with the symbolic puttees, is really the point at issue. Testimony would seem to indicate that neither branch of the service was ready to allow even so massive a ship as the Shenandoah to break its cordon of conservatisms; and the great sin of the Colonel is to have expected angrily that airships ought to fly. What true and sturdy officer of the line ever conceived such an idea? Why, dirigibles and such contrivances are things which must be shined for inspection day; which must repose with a decent regard for exact longitude and latitude in reference to the commanding general; and which must not do anything in the air which is not prescribed for them in the drill regulations. Prepare them for service in possible war? The idea! A good soldier waits until war arrives. Then he reads his g. o.'s carefully and does his duty. Simple civilians, of course, never grasp this point of view. Simple civilians are invariably on the side of men like Colonel Mitchell. For some reasons, inevitably annoying to the veteran of Butt's Manual, they feel that target practices should be exacting, air races not pre-arranged, and motors up to date. They entirely misunderstand the functionings of the fundamental fundamentalism of the military mind.

THE ravages of heresy continue to sour the leisure of orthodox Republicanism. Why is it that nonpartisanism, the abiding nucleus of party revolution, insists upon acting at moments which are wholly inopportune? One might have supposed that the visit of Senator Moses to the Governor of North Dakota, armed as the Senator was with a copy of the Constitution, would have restored normalcy to the state of wheat and struggling farmers. But the peace that seemed assured was only an illusion. By appointing Mr. Gerald Nye, editor of the journal upon which Cooperstown relies for its gossip and its political faith, to the Senate, Governor Sorlie hurled a defiance at the established order. Is there a constitutional dictum which declares that senators shall be chosen by popular vote? There is; but the Governor and his party feel that to leave North Dakota without representation during an interim when there is going to be considerable discussion of taxation measures and rural relief, would be nothing short of failure to rise to the occasion. A neat point of law is involved. The Governor has met the constitutional requirement by ordering an election; he has also exercised a privilege by making an appointment to fill the interim before this election can have been held. Will the Senate debate the matter? Will it simply ignore the gentleman from Cooperstown? However these things may be, the spectre of the embattled farmers has not vanished from Washington. It stalks abroad, angering and disturbing the righteous—and possibly suggesting that perhaps, after all, something ought to be done about the matter.

THE address which Mayor-elect Walker delivered to Georgia Democrats is a highly interesting document. Ostensibly the very successful Tammany spokesman has lofty ambitions for the future of his party. His purpose was, he declared, "not to make a presidential candidate, but to invite you to coöperate with us in making the nation safe for democracy; not for the sake of democracy, but for the sake of the country itself." But the undertow of these words, whether designedly or not, carries a meaning of great concern to average citizens. Can Governor Smith become a candidate for the Presidency? The answer to this question will depend to a large extent upon what attitude will prevail at the next Democratic convention towards the religious convictions of the proposed candidate. The Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, representing a very powerful political influence, has already declared against Governor Smith.

DESPITE this blast, it is as certain as any political prophecy well can be, that if a Catholic is not automatically ruled out, the name of the next Jeffersonian standard-bearer will be Smith. He is the only man who need not be hoisted up on stilts. But should prejudice prevail, it will be obvious that neither democracy, nor "the country itself" has been purged of a maiming and ridiculous separatism which good citizens everywhere stoutly condemn. We ourselves feel that antagonism to Catholics in public life is something which many in the South are generous enough to deplore, but which is a deeply rooted, ugly tradition having a firm grip on the nation's subconscious mind. Facing that tradition will not be an easy task for Governor Smith. But as a nominee and a candidate, he can do much toward breaking the spell that people will be astonished to discover, later on, ever existed.

SINCE the pioneer year when dignitaries of the Church established an ideal for the Catholic University of America, a difficult battle with bleak realities has been the fate of the institution. Cultural pursuits are much less easy to foster than to talk about; and they go a narrow, rugged road when established plans for financial support do not materialize. But in a pamphlet which lists with just pride its varied achievements, the university proves that it has not been indifferent to the trust placed in it by clergy, religious orders and the laity. Excellent things have been done in Washington for the betterment of the Catholic educational system, for the higher theological

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

training of studious priests, and for the development of general scholarship. From the university came the incentive for the organization of social action, now so brilliantly identified with the Welfare Conference and the Association of Charities. A host of able men have devoted themselves to the strenuous business of teaching, to research, and to the attempt at bringing Catholic points of view to bear upon the general life. In short, what has been done is a pledge. The future will see a vast improvement if the general body of those who ought to be supporters can be roused to see the capital importance of scholarship and intellectual leadership. Greater achievement must depend upon greater general alertness. It is time for sincere and serious meditation upon these words of Father James Ryan—"If science has warred on religion, if literature has become the ally of evil and error, are we not in a large measure responsible for such conditions because of our intellectual apathy?"

GRAMERCY PARK, the "Utopia of New York," is now outfitted with another reason why the distinguished should hover there. Colonel Ingersoll, who once stumped the country in behalf of a rather elementary agnosticism, has been remembered with a bronze tablet and quite a few complimentary orations. It seems to have been pretty well taken for granted by the speakers that the Colonel himself would not be aware of what was being said, but all the same they made a gallant effort to ingratiate themselves with his "afterglow." Senator Thomas decided that "excommunication cannot extinguish the torch which genius has lifted from the altars of eternal truth." Mrs. Blatch struck the emotional treble with a bang when she bowed to "the Luther and the Voltaire of the nineteenth century."

WE have no time to investigate or explore the geographical situation of the "altars of eternal truth" or to defend Voltaire from aggression. But it is interesting to reflect upon what happened to Colonel Ingersoll in those now distant years when he got on splendidly without a bronze tablet. He was a magnificent old spell-binder. When he began one of his best flights, "a little while ago I stood at the grave of the old Napoleon," people drank in that mellifluent concoction of i's and o's with a relish that really should have taught the pulpit orators of this country something of value. Apparently they forgot the lesson. But it happened that a priest rose out of obscurity for the confounding of Colonel Ingersoll's mind—a priest whose name was Father Lambert and whose style (we wish to draw Mrs. Blatch's attention to the matter) was really quite like that of Voltaire. His books are practically forgotten, of course, but he is sure of one inalienable privilege. None of his friends will ever declare that his spirit has been snuffed out; but what is a poor agnostic like Colonel Ingersoll to do if, nearly thirty years after his death, Mr. Bainbridge Colby announces that "his soul goes marching on?"

DEAN SWIFT was fond of saying that men could see what God thought of money by noticing the kind of people He gave it to. What people at large are thinking of representative government might be gathered by observing the type of man whom they suggest as delegate of the national will. It is no reflection on the character or capacity of Harold E. Grange, to see, in the determination of his admirers to send him to Congress, a pretty sharp reversal in what used to be looked upon as qualifications for political life. A very good case could be made out for "Red's" qualifications for congressman-at-large from the state of Illinois. He is young—"a few months under the age qualification," indeed: but this is the age of youth and the "fresh mind." His faculty for shouldering tacklers to left and right as he makes his runs down the field might stand him in good stead in corridors that are packed with button-holers and lobbyists. And his skill in converting touch-downs into goals is of good augury where the conversion of good intentions into law is none too common. All the same, the process that would make legislators out of athletes has some of the drawbacks of a lottery. A distinction between the sort of tribute due to brawn and to brain has always been clear in any civilization that was not running to seed. To convert the enthusiasm with which feats of strength and bodily agility inspire any red-blooded man (or woman) into the sober judgment that makes a mark on a ballot paper, is only one symptom the more of the confusion that has overtaken thought. From the gridiron to the ring-side is not a very far step.

ANY evidence that registers a change of attitude toward traditional practices of the Faith deserves to be noticed. But one that has accrued quite recently in no less unexpected a quarter than the columns of the Methodist Christian Advocate and which has been rescued by that very alert body, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has a staggering and breath-depriving quality all its own. If there was one Catholic tradition on which even the most enlightened minds in Protestant churches seemed to be made up, once and for all, and which their comment might be calculated on in advance it was the Catholic Rosary. The mechanics of its devotion took their place, it is not uncharitable to recall, very much in the category of the prayer-wheel and joss-stick. Its repetitions, especially in communions where extempore prayer is the rule of worship, were the target of criticism that rarely took the trouble to be urbane. And now here is no less an authority than Dr. James A. Beebe, dean of the school of theology of Boston University, writing to the Christian Advocate to urge the use of some "Protestant substitute for the Rosary."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT is significant and hopeful that Dr. Beebe's change of heart has its source in nothing more than an impartial study of what the Rosary stands for among those who use it. "Not for a long time," he confesses, "did I know that beads stood for something to think about rather than for something to say . . . The repetitions are only a kind of musical accompaniment to the thoughts of the worshiper as his imagination plays around certain great religious themes." The only criticism that so generous and graceful a tribute deserves is that, like most tributes based on an aesthetic motive, it tells but a part of the truth. The worshiper through whose fingers the "beads" fall is, in a very real sense, a pilgrim, released for the moment of his prayer from circumscriptions of time and space and following "from stall to rood" and through tragedy to triumph the Life that matters most to him. It is multiplex, because to be profuse with its offerings is the only way the humble soul dares hope to have its poverty forgiven. It is monotonous, because only in repetition does the loving soul find a release for its love.

PROFESSOR SAPIR, formerly of the Canadian National Museum at Ottawa, but now professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, has recently published the result of his investigations into the languages of a number of Amerindian tribes, especially those of the Nadine group, scattered over different parts of the continent from the Tlinkit, only just south of the Eskimo, through the Sarcees of Alberta and the Hupa of California, to the Navajos of New Mexico. All these dialects he finds to be closely associated with the Chinese and especially with archaic Chinese for, while the tonal peculiarities today are very similar, the Indian tongues still possess prefixes and suffixes which have long ceased to be used in Chinese though they were at one time in employment in that language. Professor Sapir thinks that all these peoples entered as a wedge from Asia; some stopped in the northern parts like the Tlinkits and the Haida of Queen Charlotte's Islands; while others made their way further south to form the tribes mentioned above.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

LADY ASTOR'S offer to "tour the world" on a self-imposed mission against the submarine, following the loss of the British M-41, is dramatic and plausible. But for fellow countrymen and countrywomen who have not identified themselves as completely with the British point of view as this Virginia peeress, a few questions are in order. Whenever the crusade on war takes the shape, not of root-and-branch condemnation, but of an objection to some particular form, it is a wise thing to suspend judgment and to ask oneself whether the real root of the objection does not, like the diatribes of the armored knight of the fifteenth century against gunpowder, lie in some disadvantage to which it is exposing the nation that makes itself its mouthpiece. Seen in this light a good deal of the fine humanitarianism that invests Lady Astor's gesture at first sight, falls away, leaving us confronted with problems of a more practical order.

A thing that should never be left out of sight when considering the sorry merits of submarine (and to a lesser extent, air) warfare, is that for the first time in many years it has put a powerful weapon into the hands of nations who can allot only thousands instead of millions to their programs of national defense. One hundred years ago, a small and weak nation, particularly if it possessed a sea-going population, could send to sea fleets which, hull for hull, were not markedly inferior to anything the stronger powers could array against it. The era of steel and iron and mechanics, the advance in armament and ballistics, has changed all that. Dreadnaughts and super-dreadnaughts are launched today by the greater powers whose cost represents the entire sum that such powers as Norway, Portugal and Denmark are able to allot for their maritime defense. The race for armaments at sea has become one in which practically two powers, or three at the very most, can pretend to keep the pace. A single super-dreadnaught, with her batteries ranged on the seaport of one of the smaller maritime powers, can impose its will by the threat of a single broadside. Nor has any one power (and this is said with full cognizance of all that can be retorted as to Britain's beneficent intentions and her fidelity to the rôle she loves to be told is hers—of custodian of the world's peace) done more than she to set a pace in construction which has ended by making the navies of smaller nations ridiculous and futile.

It is too early in the day to say that the invention of the submarine has brought about a complete shift in the situation. But it has at least cast the shadow of a doubt upon the school for which Captain Mahan's famous book on sea power is the evangel. It has made the super-dreadnaught, costing from ten to fifteen million dollars, an adventure that is as fragile as it is formidable. One can well imagine the detestation with which it is regarded in Britain and the tremendous official backing which any sort of crusade against it will receive. But, so long as the objection is not made part of a universal crusade against war (where it is perfectly in place, as Senator Borah points out) America and the world at large would do well to reserve judgment.

The submarine is the answer to the dreadnaught. An attempt to take away scrip and sling from David, while leaving the buckler and greaves and spear like a weaver's beam in the hands and on the back of Goliath, may have a lot of official backing. But, on the face of it, it lacks the logic and moral force which make crusades respectable.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORSEMEN IN AMERICA

THAT there was a Scandinavian discovery of Greenland there is no doubt, but little was known of the fate of the early colonists until the recent excavations carried out under the direction of the National Museum of Copenhagen by Dr. Norlund and his companions, which are attracting attention in scientific circles and which revealed the tragic tale recounted in Meddelelser om Grönland.

Eric the Red, a gentleman whose native country seems to have been made too hot for him, sailed over the western ocean in 982 and reached Greenland. He started from Iceland, which island became Christianized in 1000, its example being later followed by the Greenlanders. Bjarni Herjulfson, four years after the settlement of Greenland, was the first to see the shores of America, though he did not land upon them. In 1002, Leif, one of the same colonization, sailed past the coasts of our continent, passing first a land of flat rocks which he called Helluland; then low-lying white shores with woods, his Markland; finally a spot where grapes were found and recognized by a German in the crew. Of course the Icelanders would not have known that fruit by sight. This place he called Vineland. It was eighteen years later that Karlsefni saw these sites again and further recorded his discovery of Furdustrands—the Wonderful Beaches—of Strömsfiord and of Hop, where he met with the skraelings or savages, and where a child, the offspring of one of the women with the expedition, was born—the first European birth on our continent. These people might have colonized the land but they did not do so, sailing back again to Greenland.

These names will be remembered by readers of Kipling's The Greatest Story in the World, and there has been much discussion as to the localities to which they refer. Mr. Gathorne Hardy would seem to have made out his case, and he claims that Helluland is Newfoundland and Labrador, taken to be one country, as might well have been imagined from a small ship some distance from land. Markland is Nova Scotia; and Vineland, New England—the landing having been made in the neighborhood of Chatham Harbor. The incident of the grapes is proof that it could not be much further north than that. Furdustrands he considers to have been the beaches south of Cape Cod; Strömsfiord, Long Island Sound; and Hop somewhere near the mouth of the Hudson.

Herjolf Bardson followed Eric the Red to Greenland in 986 and was the founder of the town of Herjolfness which has recently been excavated. This became one of the chief spots in Eric's kingdom, for kingdom it was for 250 years until the king of Norway took it under his dominion. By the twelfth century it appears that the kingdom was a flourishing one with a cathedral, monasteries and numerous churches. The excavations show that the people were fervent Catholics and it is known that in 1221 another Eric, then Bishop of Greenland, set out from his diocese to sail to America and convert the skraelings. He was never heard of again, and whether his boat failed to reach the shores of our continent or whether having reached them, he was murdered by the skraelings, no one knows. Eric may well have been the protomartyr of America.

The period when all this happened was the zenith of Greenland. It shortly began to decline. Its trade at the end of the thirteenth century had greatly diminished, and in the fifteenth century came to an end. A Danish Lutheran minister, one Hans Egede, made a voyage to these parts in 1721 to ascertain what the Greenlanders were doing. He found them all extinct and no one about but a few nomad Eskimos. Since that time no fresh light has been thrown upon the fate of the Greenlanders. Even the site of Herjolfness was lost and not re-discovered until 1830, when a missionary working in those parts found an old tombstone in use as part of an Eskimo hut.

The recent excavations have revealed for us what sort of people these ill-fated settlers were, and what happened to them. That the graves examined were not Eskimo, is sufficiently evident, first from the hair found in some of the coffins, and still more clearly from the fact that the bones, in most cases, were accompanied by a cross, often with a pious inscription, which had been laid on the breast of the dead—an eloquent testimony of their adherence to the ancient faith. Over fifty of these crosses were found. In one of the coffins was a piece of wood on which was inscribed—"This woman was laid overboard in the Greenland Sea, who was called Gudweg." A burial at sea, recorded in the grave, perhaps, of her husband.

Imagination cannot but brood over the fate of these people, as much cut off from the world as though they had been colonists in Mars, and speculation busies itself wondering under just what circumstances the end came. The immediate cause of their extermination was undoubtedly a change in climate. When they first went to Herjolfness there was open harborage all summer, and the Eskimos had left, following the ice and the seals further north. Then came a time, which we cannot locate with precision, when the harbor was ice-locked all the year round, when food became difficult to obtain, and the population gradually shrank in size—its members became stunted in growth and obviously afflicted with tuberculosis and other diseases. In the end, the race died out in the darkness and cold.

The story of the Greenland colonists is surely one of the most tragic incidents in the history of man. One pictures the last survivor, waiting for death, his only comfort such traditions of a better world as must have lingered from his perished kin, already at rest—the cross upon their breasts. And one cherishes the hope that some kindly Eskimo was at hand to lay his bones, also, to rest when the end mercifully came.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE APOSTLE OF AFRICA

By FELIX KLEIN

JUST one hundred years ago, on October 31, 1925, a child was born in the old city of Bayonne, at the foot of the Pyrenees, predestined to be the most brilliant man of action that the Church has ever produced in France—the first Archbishop of Algiers, the restorer of the illustrious see of Carthage, the founder of the Missionaries of Africa, the destroyer of slavery on the Dark Continent—in a word, the greatest apostle and the greatest benefactor of Africa in the nineteenth century. His name was Charles Martial Allemond Lavigerie, cardinal priest of the Holy Church.

Such a centenary could not pass unnoticed, and no one will be surprised at the very wide scale upon which it is being celebrated—at Bayonne, the great Cardinal's birthplace; at Paris, in the metropolitan cathedral, the Academy, the Catholic Institute, and the Sorbonne; at Algiers, whence his energy radiated throughout Africa; and at Carthage, which city practically rose from its ashes under his eyes, and where he himself sleeps his last sleep in a tomb worthy of his fame. In order to give still greater lustre to a homage so deserved and to emphasize his own personal part therein, Pope Pius XI has delegated Cardinal Charcot, Archbishop of Rennes, to represent him at the Carthage ceremonies, with the title of Apostolic Legate. In the letter assigning this mission, the Pontiff himself pronounces a memorable eulogy of Lavigerie, praising "his remarkable gifts, his tireless energy and his admirable life," and declaring in emphatic terms that "he added lustre to the Roman purple by the renown of his lofty deeds, and, under many titles, gave glory to the Church of God."

To praises which come from so high a quarter, there can be but little to add. But perhaps fellow-Catholics in America, who have not had the fruits of this marvelous activity under their eyes to the same degree as ourselves in Europe, will not be averse to reading a brief appreciation of the man and his mission. To speak of Cardinal Lavigerie and his work is a task I cannot but welcome. I knew him personally in my youth, and can say that never (unless it be, in a different sphere, the late Cardinal Gibbons) have I encountered a churchman who enjoyed, and who deserved, so remarkable a prestige.

Lavigerie might have been as prominent in the scientific field as he was illustrious in action. He was one of the most brilliant students at the "Little Seminary" of Paris, where he had as his professor the great Dupanloup. At the seminary of Saint Sulpice and later at the superior school of Les Carmes, he gained with ease the degrees of doctor of literature, doctor of theology, civil and canonical law. His first functions were those of professor, first at the school of "the Carmelites," and then on the faculty of theology at the Sorbonne.

But his vocation lay elsewhere. In 1856 he was named director of the Schools of the Orient—an enterprise recently undertaken to promote French and Catholic influence in the Levant. In his hands the concern prospered to such an extent that when the terrible massacres of 1859 and 1860 took place in Syria, it was able to allot more than 3,000,000 francs for the relief of the unhappy Christian survivors. Lavigerie went in person to distribute these funds. In close coöperation with the eastern bishops and the civil and military authorities of France, which had sent an army to establish order and to chastise the Druses who had perpetrated the massacre, he traveled from one end of Syria to another. He stood upon the summit of Mount Lebanon. At Damascus he had a touching interview with Abd-el-Kader. Everywhere he went he was a centre of support and consolation, happy to witness France acclaimed by a populace which had not ceased to love and admire her since the epoch of the Crusades—the same populace which welcomed her with such enthusiasm when the treaty of Versailles placed them under her mandate, and which would have remained faithful had not the bigoted government of M. Herriot committed the crime of sending them a high commissioner in the person of General Sarrail—the least diplomatic and the most violent of anti-clerical politicians. The world today knows the result of this mad act. A step undertaken for purely party reasons has been maintained despite the protestations, revolts and massacres that have followed in its wake, and General Sarrail was not recalled until the humiliating intervention of foreign nations made the step unavoidable. "Perish the prestige of France," seems to have been the order of the day, "rather than that of an accomplice, sacred in his double distinction of radical and free-mason!"

It is with pleasure that one turns from him to the serene and lofty personality of Lavigerie. The success attained by the noble prelate during his mission in the Near-East attracted the favorable attention of both Napoleon III and Pope Pius IX. He was named Auditor of the Rota—a title part ecclesiastical and part diplomatic, which entailed his residence in the Eternal City as intermediary between France and the Holy See. On March 5, 1868, a still higher function was conferred upon him, and he was consecrated Bishop of Nancy. He had only been accredited to the Vatican for the space of eighteen months. But even so short a time had sufficed to prepare him for his great destiny by giving him a first hand knowledge of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the details of pontifical administration, with which, in the future, he would often have to deal when immense religious interests were at stake.

We will follow him very briefly to his diocese of Nancy, which he governed three years, and where he distinguished himself above all by the extraordinary impulsion given by him to clerical studies. On January 12, 1867, he was named Archbishop of Algiers, and on May 16 following, made his solemn entry into the great African city, his soul uplifted with the highest and most saintly ambition. Saddened at seeing his Algerians, after thirty-seven years of French colonization, almost as much strangers to our civilization and faith, as on the first day of the occupation, he resolved to leave no stone unturned to gain their intellect by education and their hearts by works of charity.

Still more moved at contemplating the immense continent which was the hinterland of his diocese only partially explored, and given up to darkness and barbarism, he resolved that no matter what sacrifices it involved, no matter what dangers its vast deserts, burning sun and fanatical populations threatened, the message of the Gospel should be propagated among its inhabitants.

In his very first allocution he exposed to his clergy, with no less courage than foresight, what he considered an absolute duty and a magnificent mission —"To bring northern and central Africa once more into communion with the life of Christian peoples" he told them, "such, in the design of God is your providential mission, such the hope of your country and the Church. Could one be conceived, higher, worthier of you and of the land whence you come?"

It would be impossible, in the course of a single article, to do anything like justice to the manner in which this magnificent program was carried out. It can be read, and never without fresh wonder, in biographies which have been written by Monsignor Baunard, by M. Georges Goyau, and by myself. When Lavigerie died, in 1892, he had erected in his diocese of Algiers alone, seventy parishes and parish churches —he had restored the Catholic hierarchy in Tunis. By stirring speeches delivered in all the great cities of Europe, by international congresses, by the foundation of an efficient anti-slavery society, he had almost completely extirpated the terrible scourge which was ravaging half Africa. He had sent his missionaries to the furthest confines of the Sahara Desert, and throughout the equatorial regions, up to the banks of the newly discovered lakes, Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika. In accord with the Holy See, he had established, in regions till then entirely pagan, five vicariates-apostolic, which counted their converts by tens and scores of thousands, and which had already given to Heaven martyrs worthy of the apostolic era.

But, of all the works accomplished by Cardinal Lavigerie, the Society of African Missionaries was destined to be the most fruitful and the most durable. Had he done nothing else, this alone was sufficient to immortalize his name in the history of the Church. Founded in 1868, a year after his arrival in Algiers, it quickly appealed to the most generous spirits among the youth of France, Holland and Belgium. They were told that a mission had just been instituted where there was more good work to be done and more suffering to be endured than in any other, that Africa was offering them perils all the more to be dreaded because they were unknown—and they departed on the mission, picked soldiers of Christ's army upon earth, for the most exposed stations on its battle front.

Upon his arrival in Africa, one of these young men, already a priest, presented his "celebret" to the Archbishop in order to be permitted to say Mass. Monsignor Lavigerie took the document without a word and, in place of the customary formula, wrote these words upon it—"Visum pro martyrio"—"viséd for martyrdom." "Read what I have written," he said. "Do you accept?" . . . "It is for this that I have come," answered the priest simply. Under one form or another, the same question was put to all upon their arrival. All made the same answer. Many found death amid the perils of travel and the dangers of the deadly climate. Many fell under the blows of the savages they were striving to evangelize, followed upon their glorious road of martyrdom by a still larger number of their dusky converts.

In Africa, as everywhere, the blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the faith. A bounteous harvest today rewards the labors of these valiant apostles. From the latest statistics, issued in June, 1924, we learn that, apart from their stations in Algeria and Tunis, the missionaries today possess, in the Sudan and Equatorial Africa, four prefectures and ten vicariates, in other words fourteen dioceses comprising 154 mission stations; and 3,061 schools attended by 75,748 boys and 52,349 girls. The total of their flock is 400,275 professed Christians, with 163,751 catechumens. The missionaries themselves number 550, aided by 325 sisters, the famous "White Nuns." What is a still more encouraging feature in the situation—the native converts themselves have furnished a contingent of forty-two priests, 265 sisters, and 3,795 lay catechists. In one year 13,000 adult, and double that number of infant baptisms, are recorded. The number of sick who have been helped (always a sign of confidence with a primitive people) is no less than 1,762,339.

And all this has been accomplished in half a century, thanks to the intelligent zeal, seconded by his spiritual sons, of the great Cardinal. We have not space to do more than refer to the establishments in Europe which owe to him their foundation—one on the island of Malta, to give superior instruction to young Negroes whose disposition designates them as auxiliaries for the apostolate—one at Jerusalem, Saint

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anne's Seminary, founded to promote the union of Catholicism with its scattered branches and which has already given five bishops and more than a hundred priests to the Church.

It may readily be surmised that such vast results were not obtained save as the result of many fatigues and sacrifices. But, to repeat the words of Pope Pius XI himself, in the letter which we have quoted above—"Lavigerie knew so well how to surmount or to avoid obstacles that arose in the face of his plans—he had so great a talent for taking advantage of men, events and circumstances," that difficulties seemed to give way before him, and that success always crowned his efforts.

One thing only was lacking to a life of such glorious achievement. This was the crown of unmerited suffering and the desertion by old friends which comes so often as a reward for duty unswervingly accomplished.

Towards the end of 1890, when the hour sounded for the supreme trial of Cardinal Lavigerie, as it has sounded for nearly all the great servants of God, he was at what might be called the apogee of his glory. By the fame of his anti-slavery campaign, by his preponderant rôle in the moral conquest of Tunis, by the progress of his missionaries in Central Africa, by his elevation to the cardinalate and his title of Primate of Africa, he had acquired the admiration of unbelievers no less than of the faithful, and had become, in the old world at least, the most prominent Catholic after the Pontiff himself. A last act, the most meritorious, perhaps, of his whole life, suddenly subjected his name to the most passionate criticism and wrecked the peace of his last days.

This was the historic toast pronounced on November 12, 1890, in the presence of the commodore and officers of the Mediterranean fleet and the entire official world of Algeria. In the speech which accompanied it, and at the express request of Pope Leo XIII, Lavigerie solemnly adjured the Catholics of France to accept the republic. Such a counsel, happily accepted by the vast majority of French Catholics since his day, will seem so natural to Americans that they will have some difficulty in understanding the incredible storm that it aroused in France. Although the question was purely and solely one of French Catholics availing themselves of the Constitution the better to fight iniquitous laws, the monarchist party, very numerous in those days, affected to believe that the Cardinal was giving his approval to the anti-religious policy of the government, and had betrayed the cause of the Church. Not content with denaturing the very sense of his words, they overwhelmed him with insults, and pushed their hostility towards him so far as to threaten the existence of the missions that were his life work by withholding from him their subscriptions and offerings.

This last unworthy gesture was the one which most sorely wounded the Cardinal's great heart. But he had foreseen it, and had even given it as a reason to Pope Leo in begging him to choose another mouthpiece for his policy of reconciliation. The Pontiff had answered that the general interest must be paramount. Lavigerie, it is true, shared the views of Leo XIII. But he had intervened in the political sphere only as an obedient son of the Supreme Head of the Church and from an instinct of duty. I have it on the authority of one of his own secretaries that, before entering the banquet-hall where the famous toast was to be given, he had said to him, with a markedly lamentable accent in his voice—"My son, I am about to commit suicide."

It was, perhaps, a climax for which the metaphor "suicide" was hardly too strong, the more so as the Pope did not until long afterwards, and in an encyclical issued on February 16, 1892, take the responsibility for his policy. Cardinal Lavigerie died two years after his momentous speech, on November 27, 1892. When he passed to his reward and to the only glory worthy of our efforts here below, the opinion of the reactionary party in his regard had undergone no change.

Full justice has since been rendered him, even by his adversaries, and today all, without exception of party, admire in him, as there cannot be a doubt posterity will admire, one of the men who by their lives have done most honor to the nineteenth century, to France, and to the Catholic Church.

Lyra Mystica

Song, since thou wilt not grasp
One solid chord of all
The harp-strung universe, nor clasp
A human breast, nor on a brow let fall
One kiss of warmth, nor give responding strain
To aught but echoes back thine own refrain—
Since else seems fruitless, since the asp
Rifles the flower life holds
And 'gainst us darts its glittering head
Of failure—sweep us in thy velvet folds
Of leaves that fall, thy music round us bring
With throb unmeasured, and the words unsaid,
Till that with thee we sing—
Thyself, the all and none,
The unseen, divinely fair,
Attained in unattaining—glad despair
And maiméd victory against the sun.

'Tis thou alone couldst call
The atom and the star remote
To be unto eternity—
Voice of Cumaea's sibyl, golden throat
Of Patmos, singing in the sparrow's fall,
In hissing sands against the Sphinx's brow,
In dawns on Parthenon,
Or in the gluttonous caverns of the sea —
Song of eternal azure, thou
That fail'st us never, lead thy minstrels on.

THOMAS WALSH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATE UNIVERSITIES

IV. THE YOUNG LOCHINVARS

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

(This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on state universities, by Mr. Bates.—The Editors.)

HITHERTO we have been mainly concerned with what may be called the legal and theoretical aspects of the university—with what it is supposed to be and is not, and just why it is not. In the present article I propose to consider just what state education actually does to the student, and what the student does to state education. For the students are, of course, the most important factors in the situation. While the Old Visitors are busy with their trimestrial meetings, and the Middle-Aged Mentors are hard at work on grades and credits, it is the Young Lochinvars who give its living character to the institution. During the last few years they have thronged across the ramparts in such overwhelming numbers that all the barriers of tradition are down. There could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the students are any longer educated by the faculty; the majority are educated—in so far as they are educated at all—by themselves. They can, and do, make of the university what they will. What then is their will?

When, according to the story, Young Lochinvar came out of the West, his chief interests are reported to have been in his steed and in a certain young lady. Today horsemanship has given place to other forms of athletics; and the feudal capture of a bride to milder acts of chivalry known as "queening," "pigging," or "necking;" but the Young Lochinvar's interests are still substantially the same. And the modern state university has become a place where his bellicose and amatory desires can be gratified collectively and on a large scale.

Not that the Puritans and scandal-mongers who occasionally bring the charge of special immorality against the state universities are in the least correct. The standard of morality on the campus is just about the same as it is off the campus. The boy or girl who goes to college is as safe as if he or she had remained in the parental town—and no safer. This is exactly what any sensible person would expect. American universities are not leaders in immorality; they are not leaders in anything. They simply follow and reflect the general social trend, upward or downward as the case may be.

The Young Lochinvar naturally gratifies his adolescent desires and ambitions in ways imitative of the society he sees about him. If one would know the American university he must dismiss from his mind all thought of the high walls, inner quadrangles, and distinctive university spirit of European institutions. Ours have no walls, either physical or mental. The life of the campus has become a microcosm of the great world outside. How could it be otherwise? The Young Lochinvar knows nothing of any other life. With the tremendous energy of youth he has proceeded thoroughly to organize the campus in the most conventional manner possible. This organization, as that of society at large, may conveniently be discussed under three main heads—social, political, and professional.

The social life of the universities is dominated by the fraternities. The student's social standing is determined by whether or not he "makes" one of these societies. If he becomes a member, he usually lives in the fraternity house with from ten to fifty other members and ceases to have any private life of his own; he is not permitted to eat, sleep, or work by himself; least of all is he ever permitted to think by himself. This type of existence is not, however, imposed by the authorities of the university as a punishment, but is regarded as a high honor. Perhaps some inherent sense of the realities of the case lies back of the fiction by which fraternities always "rush" a candidate, going through the formalities of a veritable courtship for a week or so, although both parties understand that the courted student will usually capitulate at the first suggestion. Or perhaps it is a preliminary atonement for the fact that after initiation, the freshman, heretofore treated like a visiting monarch, suddenly becomes the abject slave of the upper-classmen in the fraternity. The chief activities of these organizations are to support athletics, maintain college traditions, and dictate the social tone of the student body. Formerly it was a part of their manual of etiquette to ignore the "co-eds" of the university and bring to their entertainments damsels from foreign parts—the farther the more glorious—but with the growth of sororities this condition has largely changed so that now there are plenty of girls on the campus with whom the fraternity man may associate without danger of losing caste. If there is anything sacred to the modern college student, it is his fraternity. The Middle-Aged Mentor may shirk faculty meetings for months at a time, but it is little short of sacrilege for a fraternity member to miss a weekly meeting of his "frat." The pleasure of the Mentors in passing rules to govern the conduct of the students is as nothing to the ecstasy of the Young Lochinvar in the same occupation. And even the zeal of the fraternity man in this work is far surpassed by that of his sorority sister. Nowhere outside of an ant-hill can one find so much apparently wasted energy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet the ant has his virtues, and I am far from maintaining that fraternities have none. They have definitely served to establish the tradition of good manners on the American campus. It would be hard to find more charming hosts. The change that comes over many a country bumpkin during his few years in college is little short of marvelous. Without accepting the fraternity ideal that good manners are more important than good minds, one must still admit that the fraternities are much more successful in cultivating the former than the Middle-Aged Mentors are in developing the latter. And if the fraternities have been instrumental in turning the universities into finishing schools, we may at least be thankful that they are good finishing schools.

Of course, the social life of the campus is not confined to the fraternities and sororities, any more than the social life of a city is confined to its "four hundred." Those who are not taken into the national Greek-letter societies either form "locals" of their own or enter into less pretentious and less permanent groups. One may occasionally find some peculiarly studious individual or some luckless foreigner who feels shut out from student life, but, for the most part, the Young Lochinvars are a happy lot who thoroughly enjoy their mutual relations. If the aim of the universities is to be the purely hedonistic one of giving its members some years of pleasant living, it should be acknowledged that the students have realized this aim.

Another service which the university successfully performs in this connection is that of a matrimonial agency. If any mind-reader would tell us the exact proportion of maidens who go to college with the thought of securing some attractive Young Lochinvar as husband, the result would probably be most flattering to masculine egotism. Opportunities of acquaintance are usually far wider than in the home-town; the field of choice is also qualitatively superior. Statistics of divorce would seem to indicate that "happy marriages" are more frequent between college students than elsewhere. Perhaps we shall soon find the universities openly advertising their services as matchmakers. "The number of marriages in the University of So-and-so is this year the largest in the history of the institution."

The political life of the campus centers about the election of class and student-body officers. These elections are taken with more seriousness by the students than national or state elections are by the general public. Nevertheless, student politics is, if anything, more dishonest than national politics. The amount of skill shown in wire-pulling, underhanded trading, distribution of patronage, and suppression of news would startle many a professional boss. Where there is a considerable degree of "student self-government," these officers occasionally fulfill the function of mediation between students and faculty. Questions of cheating in examinations sometimes come under their supervision, but since today no one but an incorrigible blockhead would ever need to cheat, this is a very minor matter. The real duties of the student officers are to support athletics and maintain college traditions.

College traditions are chiefly concerned with the subjugation of the freshmen. Since the entering class is always much larger than any of the others, the upperclassmen live in terror of losing their authority and prestige. To meet this peril, drastic measures were long since introduced so that now the self-interest of the upper-classmen naturally cloaks itself in loyalty to tradition. This of course does not prevent their constantly adding to the tradition. Mild hazing of freshmen is now practically universal. Faculties, in this instance supported by public opinion, have indeed in most institutions succeeded in supressing acts of physical violence likely to result in death or physical injury. They have purchased this victory, however, at the cost of legalizing the custom of hazing in itself. This has now taken the form of lowering the respect of the freshman by making him publicly ridiculous on every possible occasion. The majority of such exhibitions do not give one a high idea of the Young Lochinvar's sense of humor. The freshmen are herded together in whatever degree of deshabille the taste of the community will permit and are then compelled to run the gauntlet between lines of upper-classmen armed with light clubs; they are thrown into fountains, ponds, or streams, wherever these are available; they are compelled to climb up on some eminence—steps, tree, or lamp-post—and there make silly speeches; they are compelled to lie down and kiss something or other; and always at intervals spanking or "paddling" is a chief feature of the entertainment. Much sympathy has been wasted by American writers on Shelley's suffering under the fagging system at Eton; they might profitably devote a little of it to the potential Shelleys who are suffering under our own very similar system.

The worst crime that a freshman can commit is to show any signs of striking individuality of thought. Thinking is a luxury reserved for his student-masters, although they themselves generously refrain from using it. Unless the freshman is uncommonly stout-hearted, long before the year is out he has been molded into form. In fact, his dispensation from the universal obligation of thinking usually ends by becoming so attractive that he is never willing to assume the obligation later on.

The professional life of the Young Lochinvars may be handled more briefly. I refer, of course, to athletics. The public has so long been fully apprised of the athletic situation that there is no reason for going into detail. Everyone knows how "amateur" athletes are paid professional salaries by means of purely nominal and fictitious jobs that are created for them; everyone knows that they are trained by professional coaches who often receive much larger salaries than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any member of the faculty. All this was brought out twenty years ago. In the meantime every effort to improve the situation has failed. Attempts to abolish intercollegiate athletics have been ignominiously defeated. It would require a constitutional amendment, and more, to persuade the American public to give up its football games. All that the universities have accomplished has been to spread a transparent veil of hypocrisy over their practices. Here and there may be found simple souls who rejoice that the scholarship of athletes has so risen that they are no longer flunked out of college, but most people understand that grades can be changed more easily than athletic scholarship. Yet all the time the remedy lies easily at hand. Let the universities admit the professionalism of their athletics, pay their athletes openly instead of secretly, and keep their teams to represent them exactly as cities are represented by baseball teams.

Standards of scholarship would then no longer need to be kept down to the level of intelligence of the dullest football player. After a little time, the suggested change would be welcomed by the athletes themselves, relieved of the bother of attendance upon classes, and it would be of infinite value to the non-athletes, who would be relieved once for all of the frightful necessity to spend most of their time "supporting athletics." It is the non-participant in athletics who is chiefly harmed by the present system. Before every game there is a rally, at which all students are supposed to be present, to encourage the team; after every victory there is a celebration to reward the team, and after every defeat there is a celebration to show the team that the college is still behind them. Nor should the loyal collegian support his team only on the occasions of its public appearance; it is especially during the long days of monotonous training that the team needs to be supported by his presence on the side-lines. Thus it comes about that the non-athlete spends almost as much time on athletics as does his professional brother.

So much for the major activities of the Young Lochinvar. His leisure hours he spends on his studies. A few of the latter sometimes arouse a mild interest during the time he spends in class. He may even grind away dutifully in writing papers or in preparing for examinations—in which case he is considered a good student. But his vital interests are elsewhere. Listen to the students as they leave the lecture-room. You will not hear the subject of the lecture mentioned. Listen to them as they walk about the campus, follow them to their fraternity houses, hang about them like familiar spirits, but you will not hear a word of free intellectual discussion or debate. The talk is of the dance, the rally, or the rush. These are the things by which their lives are molded.

Certainly there are a few, a very few, students who really deserve the name. They have caught some passing vision of the beauty of truth and, following it, have come to the university. They have cried like Dante's Ulysses—"Virtue and knowledge be the goal ye set!" When they discover that they must substitute football for virtue, and college tradition for knowledge—on pain of ostracism, physical indignity, and general contempt—is it any wonder if they become warped and bitter? It would be difficult to find a spiritual loneliness greater than that of the real student on the modern campus. The very people for whom the universities were first founded are the ones whom they are now incompetent to serve.

The answers to the questions propounded in the first article of this series can no longer be in doubt. The state university does not attain either of its avowed aims, to produce good citizens or to produce scholars. It sends out its graduates with no more sense of ideal values than when they entered. Instead of possessing that trained intelligence, unperturbed in times of excitement and faithful to its own convictions, which is necessary to good citizenship, the graduate comes out with a mind empty of convictions, trained to accept without examination the ideas of his own group, and eager to run frantically after the first thrill that offers. The actual accomplishments of the university are not the ones that are avowed. It is an excellent matrimonial agency, an excellent finishing school in good manners, and, in every activity, first, last, and all the time, an excellent business college. The Young Lochinvar learns to meet and manage his fellow-men for his own interest—which is the essence of commercial training. The fond parent need no longer be troubled by his son's question whether he should enter business or go to college; the son enters business in either case. If this is not all that we wish the universities to be, if we wish them to be universities in more than name, fundamental changes must be made. The Old Visitors must be sent home, the Middle-Age Mentors must be raised from their state of legal peonage, the Young Lochinvars must be saved from the tyranny of standardization, and the present exclusively quantitative ideals must be abandoned.

November

Now in the midst of grief-anointed days,
When dying leaves are harassed by the wind,
The maples' torches fade—the wild geese pass.
The frost that sewed thin shrouds on tree and grass,
Is digging little graves for homeless flowers,
Whose beauty for a space made meadows glad.
Stout market-women chafe their ruddy hands
Against the cold that creeps along the street—
A smoky crepe of haze clings to the sun.
Young girls dream merrily of lovers' trysts,
And housewives sort with care rich fruits in jars,
While old men puff long pipes in nooks of ease . . .
So fall away the honeyed crumbs of life:
Grey beards turn white with each frost-glittering dawn,
And winter whets his knife across the stars.

J. Corson Miller.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHINA: GREATEST OF PROBLEMS

By PATRICK J. WARD

INSISTENTLY and impatiently there knocks on the portals of the western world, the most critical and vital problem of many years—the autonomy of China. On the solution of that problem depends the fruition of all that hope and promise which has just come from the little Swiss town of Locarno, to assuage the feelings and longings of a war-embittered world. In the experiences of the past seven years many have become sceptical as to whether the world conflict taught human nature a lasting and effectual lesson. It is difficult for the individual to throw off the thraldom of evil habits, especially habits of mind; it is even more difficult for nations to change time-honored, or rather discredited, ways of looking at things and of dealing with them.

In the East as in the West the old imperialism and its diplomacy have crumbled under the acid test of time and of the changed outlook of China upon the world. Now comes the new imperialism, the new freedom, the new democracy. What are they going to accomplish in bringing stability of government to China, and in making western civilization the bond of security, not only for China and the East, but for Europe and America?

From the fact that unfortunately the penetration of China was contemporaneous with the great industrial revolution in the West, here in more vivid characters than anywhere else, Christianity has been painted into the same picture side by side with industrial Mammon. The Catholic missionary, who for three centuries had braved the dangers of the unknown, was in this later day made the flimsy pretext of punishment and retribution by nations who had no more right to speak or act in the name of Christianity than the Mussulman or Jew. The Chinese do not understand that, for the simple reason that they do not understand Christianity. How can they, when a hundred contradictory creeds rushed in upon them claiming their allegiance in the name of Christ? Seeing the difficulty, not only in China but elsewhere, the various agencies suffering under this disability of conflicting doctrines, no longer claim their allegiance in the name of faith, but in good fellowship and the material blessings of civilization, material blessings, the full flavor of which we become conscious when a group of business men protest to those missionaries who now strongly advocate the abolishing of extra-territorial rights, that they "seemed to forget their year to year monetary support comes from the business man." To the Chinese then, Christianity as represented in missionary activities, for their moral good, is an attempt to approach them along an avenue which Confucius himself might have traveled. But it has this additional advantage: it is giving them something that Confucius could not give, namely, scientific speculation, modern institutions, colleges, schools, hospitals, all sorts of foundations, and is enabling them to take what they think Christianity and the West only have to give them, their place in the modern world.

Young China's view of Christianity simply as a preparation for modern contact with the West was emphasized over and over again in the writer's recent association with a number of representative Chinese students. The results of the ethical and pragmatic aspects of Christianity on the mind of the young Chinese (and it is getting virtually no other interpretation) is of the most serious import. Politically, China had until recently as unbroken tradition, of the emperor as lord of heaven and earth, identified even with God himself, of the service of the state as one of the greatest marks of distinction, of the state as all in all. On such a tradition it is a somewhat dangerous experiment to graft western ideas, represented till a short time ago, by the Roman theory of kingship, and now characterized by an equally extreme and indefensible advocacy of the supremacy of the state.

In the moral order the possibilities are of even greater moment. In virtually all western educational establishments pagan philosophies are the order of the day. What are the effects of these teachings on the Chinese mind, on the student of today who is to be the political and religious leader of his country tomorrow? I do not suppose that every Chinese who comes in contact with western teaching is so conscious of the philosophies of his race that he will see an analogy between their traditions and concepts and those of the West, or if he does that he will accept for that reason western ideas as truth. But the whole question and its possibilities are in review. It must be remembered that China has just broken for the first time the thread of her indigenous philosophy, and having reached now a period of uncertainty on the threshold of a new world, she may gather up here and there, through unconscious but no less powerful impulse, dangerous fragments of ethical and political thought. We know that philosophies have a way of piecing themselves together and that they often take a final form pointing in a very different direction from any of the contributaries.

To show that the ethical character of Chinese civilization can be paralleled in the development of now generally accepted western teaching, permit me, very sketchily, to show a few points of contact which might strike the Chinese mind when pagan doctrines are presented impellingly by enthusiastic professors. The ancient Chinese conception was of the deity, and with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it the natural order, carrying on its work "silently, simply, yet inexorably." Among the Greeks, Socrates recognized the deity in its works, in a providence rather than in a knowledge of God. Aristotle's God never left his solitary self-contemplation, and so had but an unconscious and not voluntary activity in the world—silent, simple, inexorable. In the teachings of Confucius and Lao-tse, and later of Meng-tse, supreme place is given to morals. In the teaching of Socrates, obedience to the dictates of his "daemon" (conscience or righteous conduct) was a cardinal point —"Moral action consisted in a searching and calculating selection of the more useful or more agreeable." Plato's ideal citizen was he who gave the highest obedience to the state. To Aristotle, evil is simply good in potentia. It is a lack of proportion due to inability to keep the middle road. Keeping to the moral mean is virtue. The tendency of Chinese philosophy was towards quietism and self-abnegation. Stoicism reached quietism in the serenity of self-contemplation as the highest form of virtue. In all there is an intense individualism, and morals and conduct are the touchstone of truth. In the return to pagan ideals after the Protestant revolution, Hume is the link with the final atrophy of the ancients, through his scepticism and phenomenalism, and finally Kant gives the mold to all modern thought in the return to the supremacy of the moral law, the anvil of non-dogmatic Christianity, on which is being forged the intellectual temper of every Chinese in European and American universities. Thus we have a closed circle, a complete answer to the inquiring Chinese mind as to how Christianity fits in with his own tradition, and offers him a code admirably suited to his adoption of western business and political methods. He will see the wisdom and propriety in business for the end to justify the means; he will see virtue in every commercial or political transaction that gives "practical results," and answers his own or his country's needs; in fact, he will realize that to keep up with western commerce and progress he will have to adopt without question western methods, so that what we teach him he will execute; and it shall go hard for us, but he may better the instruction. Expediency then is to be the bond of understanding and security between East and West. What if it becomes the bond of the whole East?

Great reliance seems to be placed on China's awakened nationalism as a necessary attribute or rather phase, in that country attaining the blessings of self-government and self reliance. "Nationalism" now has an interpretation distinct from "nationality." Nationalism in this sense bears the same relationship to democracy that imperialism bears to oligarchy. Nationalism and the new imperialism are virtually synonymous. Both are the spirit of the few and self-centered, dominating the many. This spirit is in evidence in passionate emotional patriotism, in antipathy to the foreigner, in exaggerated relative importance of one's country in the world at large. All these are in direct antagonism to the spirit of true democracy which proclaims all men created equal in their right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. It is an attribute of youth. It is in direct antagonism to Christianity. Nationalism began with the "new democracy," a lineal descendant of the renaissance. We find its ancestry in Greece and Rome. A people cannot imbibe pagan philosophy which is intensely individualistic, and escape nationalism.

This being the temper of most newly awakened peoples infected with westernization, one wonders if men who speak glibly of Chinese nationalism and self-consciousness appreciate all that these terms imply. Bishop Logan Roots of Hankow, addressing the Institute of Politics said—

> Echoing and reëchoing in the speech and writings of the young patriots of China are the watchwords which indicate how closely these young men are in touch with the youth of other lands and how deeply they are moved by the tides of thought which are sweeping over the rest of the world. They breathe criticism and hostility which characterize the attitude of present-day youth generally towards established institutions . . . But while they appear outwardly to indicate a negative and destructive purpose, I believe their deepest meaning is both positive and constructive."

No matter what "their deepest meaning" may be, that Chinese youth, steeped in the same thought, imbibed from the same sources, which has swept the rest of the world before it, can escape the logical consequences, is impossible. Did Russia escape them? Russia is the great example of the flowering of western doctrine. Bolshevism was born in Germany. It is perhaps not without significance that Martin Luther and Immanuel Kant were born there also.

Russia has not been purposeless in making desperate efforts to win China's friendship. Both Russia and Japan mean business. By the agreement with China in 1924, it is said that China's gains were more ideal than real, while Russia gained materially. She holds the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria, over one thousand miles, subject to China, financially embarrassed, paying her 700,000,000 rubles. Its directorate in the various departments number ten Russians and eight Chinese. In Mongolia the Bolsheviks entered outer Mongolia after the "whites" in 1921, and have stayed there despite the fact that the "whites" are gone. Thus Russia virtually controls Manchuria and Mongolia. We can readily understand why Japan has adopted so conciliatory an attitude in the past few weeks. Let us not forget either that a Russo-Japanese treaty was signed early this year, and that the old antagonism between Russia and Japan is disappearing. Russia and Japan thus courting Chinese friendship and prepared to make large concessions to gain that friendship should give food for serious thought. An "understanding" between Russia, Japan, and China, with Russia as the inspiring agent is by no means a dream.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern progress is an all-impelling and indiscriminating force.

This outlook on the Chinese situation is no doubt pessimistic, but what I have reviewed are plain hard facts. There is just one factor which can be relied on to bridge, if it is not too late, an ever widening sea between West and East, on which Asia is sailing off on the barque of modernism. That factor is the Catholic Church. She alone in all the world can undo, if such a thing be possible, the problems and entanglements of neo-paganism in modern life, for she has never wavered in teaching a moral law resting on the security of revealed and unchangeable doctrine: she alone, belonging to no single race, color, or territory —for she belongs to them all—can speak with parental authority and claim obedience from all. In her alone is the family of nations a reality and not a sentiment.

It is significant that the Chinese attitude towards Catholicism, except where directly influenced by Russia, during the bitter anti-foreign and anti-religious feeling of the past few months, is different from that towards Protestantism. The Chinese feels there is a difference. Although a tablet found by the Jesuits, gives foundation for the tradition that the Nestorians introduced Christianity in the sixth century, authentic records begin with the historic fact that the first western religion to come to China was Catholicism in 1582, and that it has survived and grown for 300 years. There is also the fact that the nation first to seek forcible entrance was supposed to be a Catholic nation, an erroneous supposition, and the bitterness thus became associated with that form of Christianity China first knew. Naturally Catholicism sought protection from recurrent persecutions when the opportunity offered. There is nothing un-Christian in that. How is it then that Catholicism in the present trials has received greater toleration than non-Catholicism? Because in the evolution of eighty years the doctrines of non-Catholicism have been driven into the open and because they have had perforce to align themselves with the offspring they have produced in order to preserve their existence, and continue their work.

The Catholic Church, without funds, has in her fold in China over two million souls. Protestantism with its vast army and unlimited funds has 400,000 souls. To minister to these, Catholicism has 2,400 European and native priests; Protestantism has 35,000 missionaries. Christianity forms in numbers an insignificant group in a country of 400,000,000 souls. One can but hope that in the wisdom of Divine Providence, the two million, guided in the true meaning of Christian principles and practice, may "leaven the whole lump." Therein lies the protection not only of Asia, but of all.

A NEW ARCHITECTURE

By BARRY BYRNE

SOMEWHERE in Gilbert Chesterton's writing occurs the idea, the terminology of which escapes memory, but which in effect is this, that there are great efforts but not great successes and that our most stupendous institutions, religious, political and economic, are the ruins of a vaster ideal. Mr. Lewis Mumford's criticism of the architecture of the Paris Exposition of Decorative Art, in a recent issue of The Commonweal, brings this general idea much to mind. Not that I find myself in disagreement with him. In fact, the contrary is true, when the results in Paris are viewed, yet we must think of the exposition as an effort to create an orchestra, not only of soloists, but of solos—an impossible ideal surely and with failure foreordained.

Novelty of itself in architecture is of doubtful value, unless it be that of a stimulus; but for the artist there must always be the spur of the desire for personal expression. If this plays only on the surface of the problem the result must be superficial and the architecture must take on the aspect of scenic booths and be only amusing. Not that this last need be wholly decried, for Mr. Gilbert Seldes has grasped an idea that would benefit many of our over serious architects. Much necessarily depends on the purpose of the architecture and the lack of pretense connected with the performance. Then often in the very temporariness of the structures a high measure of artistic charm and loveliness results, as witness the Food Show in Munich a year since. There was design, which starting to be less, attained the more.

Axiomatic statements are probably dangerous generalities, yet Mr. Mumford's article contained one such, which because of its truth and clarity I am yielding to the impulse to lift bodily and attach to this article. Not that it might not be amplified, yet, when he writes "changes of form in building should rise out of a necessity for solving new problems," he states a truth so far reaching and so significant in architecture that it may be accepted as fundamental. It allies to the artistic philosophy of Gropius, Meyer, Oud and the "constructivists" generally in Europe; yet in turn, its suggested application seems American and free from the vestiges of renaissance "form for form's sake" which enriches the endless art movements of Europe with eccentricities, stimulating though they be.

Architecture, being practical and materialistic in its basis, is dependent on current life. The form of a building is determined by necessity and necessity is created by habits of living. These habits have their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

origin in custom, convenience, sentiment and fashion, blended with that elemental thing which a building is —a shelter. From the tepee to the cathedral is a step only of degree; in kind they are the same. This is worthy of note because a simplicity of view is necessary if we are to look beyond the richness of ancient architecture to the essential element from which this consummate glory developed. So I am risking a certain didacticism in the following paragraphs; in the effort to show a reasonably explicit application of Mr. Mumford's idea which, to re-state, is this—"Change of form in building should rise out of a necessity for solving new problems."

In the building process, of which designing is a part, a plan is first made. Such a plan may be defined as a practical arrangement of space for a given purpose. When, with this practical arrangement, basically essential to the high art of architecture and its starting point, there exists also an idealistic and imaginative concept of the purpose of the building, the plan becomes sublimated and intensified and we have the fundamental element of great architecture.

The Gothic plan serves as an illustration. It consisted of a rectangular space divided into two parts, separated by a screen. In one part was the altar and the stalls for monks or canons as the case might be. In the other was a clear space for the people who assembled to participate in the celebration of the Mass. The screen separating the two parts of the church, in its early form, was something of a visual barrier. While this was not so to the same degree as the iconostasis of the Greek rite churches, the idea of it was much the same—that of a definite and substantial structure separating the sanctuary from the worshipers. This is interesting to note as it represented an extreme idea, one that was the antithesis of that around which our church plans are now created.

This simple rectangular plan was the basis, the kernel, of a highly elaborated plan. Around it and from it was developed a series of aisles, transepts and chapels which imaginatively intensified the original form and gave beauty and variety to it.

Based on the Gothic plan and coincident with this elaborated development, there was also a development of structural engineering in the roofing of the spaces of the plan with ribbed vaulting of stone. This structural system was imaginatively treated so that the feeling of ecstasy resulting from the natural form of the structure was intensified. The piers, vertical in their character, were formed into finer vertical moldings which emphasized the upward sweep of the dominant vertical motif. These moldings were made relative in size to the ribs of the vaulting and the entire system of piers and vaults was thereby brought into harmonious scale.

In the Gothic, as in all great architectures, the forms were resultant ones. The building plan, the piers and vaults determined the building design. Buttresses, windows, tracery within the windows, arcades, the forms of moldings and incidental details developed out of the plan and structure in the effort to give it stability or to decorate it harmoniously. The aesthetic reasonableness of the forms and their justification lay in their harmony with the basic structure, just as the basic structure found its justification in the plan. Naturally the plan in its proportions depended on the structure, for the width of a Gothic building was limited by the possible span of the ribbed vault; hence were built long, narrow nave-and-aisle churches. The nave could not be constructed wider, so width was secured by multiplying the number of aisles paralleling the nave, which enhanced the beauty of the buildings and gave them their forest-like appearance. In all, a highly natural development of a simple idea.

It is important to understand this because it must be appreciated that architecture is always aesthetically reasonable and this reasonableness depends upon the degree to which the architectural forms of mass and detail express, or are sympathetic with, initial facts of structure and plan. To quote Mr. Louis Sullivan, "form follows function." To re-state the case—a building to be considered architecture should not, in its architectural forms, belie its plan and construction. Steel frame buildings on which are used the classic orders or Gothic arches illustrate what is not architecture, and as they abound, it is worth while to indicate them as examples of what should not be.

As a building exists for a given use, which is its only practical reason for existence, the arrangement of the parts of such a building, its plan, necessarily should be primary and basic. Practical conditions dictate the plan, modified by what is possible in structurally enclosing the area with walls and roof. The proportions of the Gothic church plan were relatively long and narrow. The sanctuaries, owing to the stalls contained in them for canons or for monks, were of considerable depth so that the altar was at a distance from the worshipers. Where the choir screen was used, this feeling of remoteness from the Sacrifice by the great body of general worshipers was increased. The beauty of this arrangement cannot be questioned; the appropriateness of it, either practically or spiritually, in our own day is, I believe, open to serious question—particularly as we have not as a rule the small intimate altars of special devotion around which the devout can gather to intimately participate in the Mass.

As this Gothic type of plan is consistently held before us by Dr. Cram and his followers as that which should be employed for our churches, it may be well to observe the natural and inevitable tendencies in Catholic church planning in the United States, when not burdened by improbable theories but responding to natural and practical demands.

Due largely to causes of economy and practical use, factors not abhorrent nor inharmonious with beauty,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the church plan in the United States has tended to widen and shorten. In addition to economy, this type of plan had the advantage of bringing the congregation and priest closer together for instruction. It presented better acoustical possibilities and was easier to heat. City lot conditions often forced this change which, however, was almost universally preferred by the clergy. With the development of steel trusses for roofing these wider spaces, it was possible to eliminate intermediate piers and a clear, unobstructed audience chamber resulted—also in conformity with the natural desires of priest and people.

With this change in plan and structure there was, unfortunately, no consistent change in architectural treatment of the buildings which, in their proportions, were entirely unlike the churches of the historic styles —Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic or the varieties of the so-called classic. What was done was to adapt unrelated and unfitting motifs from the Gothic or other styles to these very differently massed buildings. The result is seen so much about us that comment to the enlightened is unnecessary. It resulted in fat Gothic buildings, in fat renaissance, or in mongrel types of historic design. The initial proportion of the original styles being lost in these buildings, the vestiges of grace which might survive in a dead or imitative thing were entirely lacking, and the result was grotesque and usually laughable.

It would seem futile to deny that our natural tendencies in church planning are different from those of the Gothic or other periods of church architecture. The evidence is about us. Our priesthood, fortunately, refuse to regard the church as scenery, a suspicion of which view seems to exist in the minds of those antiquarians who are devoted to traditional architectural design. A priest views his church with naturalness, as a practical place for the celebration of Mass. He honestly desires it to be beautiful. The resultant building unfortunately is usually not beautiful, yet he is more nearly right, even in the wrongness of the result, because what he builds is practical and natural.

Bishop Kelly, quoting the motto of Pope Pius X, "to restore all things in Christ," has indicated the present as the beginning of a new spiritual era stemming from the decrees of that Pontiff on Communion. Certainly the result has been to concentrate a more fervent attention on the altar, vivifying and illuminating an existent sanctity. The altar *is* the church, strictly speaking, regardless of the size of the building, variety of shrines or richness of parts. The decrees, by inference, re-state this fact. The building exists to house the altar of the Sacrifice, and the artistic emphasis as well as the plan of the church centers around a more familiar devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

There is in this, matter of spiritual inspiration to the artist, and there are released by it a wealth of ideas having to do with the design of churches. The main altar, sympathetic in idea with this increased devotion, should dominate the church, both in plan and surface treatment. It is the church; let it boldly state the truth of its importance. No longer should it be retired at the end of a deep recessed sanctuary, screened by the glory of an ancient rood. Rather should it be close to us as we have been urged to come close to it.

The practical result of this changed condition as related to that basic element, the building plan, would be to jut the sanctuary into the body of the church and to place the congregation around it. The feeling of participation in the Mass increases to the extent the ritual is observed, and the worshipers are placed in the position of acolytes in spirit, even to the extent of making the responses audibly and following the priest more intimately through the measures of the ritual. The superiority of this method in a psychological way over that which usually obtains in a body of worshipers, related only in intention to the purpose of the priest, will be evident.

The practical advantage of the projecting sanctuary for communicants will be evident. The Communion rail may be approached from a number of points and without the degree of obtrusiveness and distraction that usually accompanies the mob-like movement of the crowd up the aisles. This may sound like a plea for efficiency, but if so I find nothing repellent in it. The church exists primarily for the altar, and secondarily for the congregation which the church houses. If the church is planned so as to make unobtrusive and natural the activities of the congregation incidental to worship, distraction is reduced and the purpose of worship is better served.

Thus we have in our day the basis of a new church plan, and as the plan is elemental to architecture, we have in it the basis of a new architecture. Our construction is different from that of other periods of history. We do not build vaults of stone unless urged to it by the archaeological sentimentalists. There is, of course, the matter of respect, both for the past, and for ourselves and our time. In the case of the former we might respect it so much that we would refrain from making inadequate copies of it. In the case of the latter we might respect ourselves and our time so that we would say what we have to say in architecture, and let it stand as evidence of our sincerity and of our effort. Gothic architecture blossomed not because those matchless artists copied the Romans, but because they planned and built in their own construction and in their own way. So this plea for our own architecture is a plea after all for the mediaeval spirit, which would result in buildings built in our own way, made beautiful by our own thought and spirit, issuing in device, sculpture, ornament and glass to a glory that would be as familiar to us as was Chartres to the simple faithful who thronged to it in the day when its glory was that of a new architecture and the "necessities" of those days had brought about "changes of form."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KEEPING OUT OF COLLEGE

By DON C. SEITZ

THE newest problem of the day is how to keep our young men and women out of college. They are pressing against the gates of standard institutions in brigades, and none may stay them. Thousands are turned away, but like the march of the lemmings, the procession keeps on. Beleaguered faculties cry out for help, but in vain. Higher education (or perhaps it is athletics) is the call of the hour. Everybody who hears it, comes.

Columbia has become a great congeries, that, thanks to being located in a metropolis, has limitless room for accommodation. This is not the case in "college towns," where education is the sole industry. Classrooms are not alone cramped; bed and board are becoming difficult.

Calls for more endowment follow in unceasing sequence. Professors want more pay with increased instruction. Everything is expanding except the course of study. That remains pretty much the same old thing.

What is the cause of the crush? For one thing, the new requirement of law and medicine that students in these lines must have four years of college before they can continue their ambitions, has something to do with it. Another is the policy of many corporations, notably the Standard Oil Company, that they will give no one a position without a diploma as his chief recommendation.

To one who never attended college these things seem to be an undue interference with the rights of man. If the college was superlative in its output there might be purpose in the policy. As it is, it appears to be class discrimination, most unfairly exercised. When you add to this the inability of colleges to accommodate the rush, it becomes cruel and unjust.

With the immigration laws shutting out muscle, and the professions and corporations setting up a monopoly in brain requirements, it would appear that there is a deliberate attempt under way to force Americans back to the mines, so to speak. The question then remains—Will they go? Somebody will have to.

Time was when the college product was considered inferior in industry. Young gentlemen graduates found it hard to place themselves, and harder still to get along after they were placed. They were treated as greenhorns and patronized by those who came up from the ranks. This is all over now. They are the pets of business, law and medicine.

Stephen Leacock once wrote a genial skit about the Harvard trustee who was devising a plan whereby one would never need to leave that eminent institution of learning when once matriculated. It would look as though something of the sort were under way. Getting over college used to be the problem. Getting in, and getting out, are now the perplexities.

For example, the much heralded Antioch system of interlarding industry with education keeps a boy under tutelage six years. Its virtue is loudly proclaimed, so much so that President Morgan can hardly attend to his duties. He has to be on the road most of the time expounding it. Eight years of "higher" study await the law and medical student. The graduates in the latter professions will have no trouble in accumulating the bald heads and whiskers considered so desirable before hanging out a shingle in these employments.

There seems to be a real scare afoot lest too many people will learn too much to be useful; lest some will not learn enough. There ought to be some way of establishing an average.

A RESURRECTION

By GRENVILLE VERNON

GASPARO LUIGI PACIFICO SPONTINI—until recently to American music lovers but a name caught sometimes on song recital programs—is today, to all who were fortunate enough to be present at the Metropolitan Opera Company's production of La Vestale, a composer of extraordinary poignancy. It is the way of the world.

Spontini, admired by Napoleon and praised by Wagner, was the Puccini of his day. Vain, intellectually arrogant, he is said to have uttered the dictum that, with his death, opera would end. Then, with that death, the irony which rebukes all pride smiled its withering smile, and Spontini sank into limbo, an inarticulate, pallid shade. For nearly three quarters of a century he has wandered thus, watching in the upper world the art he had doomed produce Wagner, Verdi, Bizet, Gounod and Debussy. Truly has Gasparo Luigi Pacifico Spontini trod the long and weary road of humility! Has his penance at last ended? Those of us who heard his Vestale believe it has, for whatever the foibles of the man, his work has at last emerged instinct with beauty, and informed with a high and austere nobility—a work whose purifying fire the lyric stage may well hail with gratefulness.

It is exceedingly doubtful if La Vestale has ever before been given in New York. It was sung in New Orleans, by the French Opera Company between the years 1825 and 1829, and there is a record of it being given by that same company in Philadelphia on October 30, 1828. The reason for this neglect no man can state. The fact that it was hailed by Napoleon and its first production in Paris commanded by Josephine, probably explains its adoption by the New Orleans company, but the eagles of the Bonapartes evidently carried little artistic weight in the English-speaking portions of our land. And now, that at last it has been given, it is given not in the language in which it was written, but in an Italian version—a pity, for though Spontini himself was an Italian, his music and the informing spirit of his work is in the classic tradition of French opera. With this one regret we can pass on. Whatever the language, Signor Gatti-Casazza has given a production of lofty beauty, and his artists have sung the music as few artists have sung of recent years. The pageantry of the first act and the dramatic power of the two following scenes are among the few really perfect things done by the Metropolitan in the last decade. Indeed, to find their equal, we must go back to that historic revival of Gluck's Orfeo under the baton of Arturo Toscanini.

There are those who assert that Spontini was not a genius, that he was weak in harmony and that his melodic vein was limited; that what he did was but to continue the tradition of Rameau and Gluck. At least he continued that tradition nobly, and after hearing La Vestale there will be many who will hold that he did more than that; that he is the link between the classic school of the eighteenth century and the romantic composers of the nineteenth. No, Spontini was no mere copyist. In his music, as in his life, he was a personality, and he is such today. Alike in his great choruses and in his more intimate numbers, he shows a dramatic fervor which is the more potent because of its simplicity. In his utterance there is throughout—except in the trivial final ballet written for the exigencies of the old gentlemen subscribers of the Paris Opera—a spirit at once noble and intrinsically religious. Nobility is indeed, among our self-styled intelligentsia of today,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a thing of scorn. Turn to their comments on the death of Joseph Conrad—Conrad, throughout whose work the nobility of human conduct and aspiration was the touchstone to his genius. How beautifully they ignored this crucial fact, and harped on his style and his so-called pessimism! Such minds will no doubt see in Spontini nothing but an echo of a virtue which to them is dead. So be it. We can turn from their judgment to the judgment of the ages. Those who love virtue and beauty for themselves, who believe in their expression as a panacea for human weakness, will love this old neglected opera. These can afford to allow the intelligentsia to snarl at things they hate because they display their own barrenness of soul!

Yet even these must pay tribute to the superb singing of Rosa Ponselle, of Margarete Matzenauer, and of José Mardones, to the equally superb acting of Edward Johnson, to Josef Urban's scenery and costuming, to the magnificent stage management, and to the inspired conducting of Tullio Serafin. As the vestal Giulia, Miss Ponselle at last has displayed an art worthy of her voice, and has placed herself in a position attained by no other dramatic soprano of the present day, while Mr. Johnson gave an impersonation of the Roman general worthy of the great days of opera. Those who hold that opera is not mere sensuous entertainment, who believe that it can bring both an artistic and a moral message, owe a debt of deepest gratitude for the production of this lofty work.

COMMUNICATIONS

C. MOLANPHY ANSWERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have been glad to read the letters on the subject of Catholic colleges which have appeared in the columns of your publication. It is a reassuring sign. Catholic apathy is evidently not as great as is often feared. If a controversy of this type does nothing more than to furnish an opportunity for an expression of loyalty to the institutions of the Church, it has done a good thing, even though we may wish that this loyalty were not mistaken in sometimes excluding clear vision as one of its component elements. However these expressions of loyalty are a bit beside the point in the present discussion. We are not interested in the number of professional men and women produced by certain colleges. A correspondence school can draw up statistics. We want to know the quality of these men and women, and to be informed definitely of their achievements.

There should be no reason for expressing a reply in terms of a general statement. If the finding that Catholic colleges have failed of recent years to produce men and women adequately equipped for achieving distinction is to be refuted, let us have something more than a list of professions and numbers or vague general statements. While we are on this subject, I think the time is ripe for a publishing of just what points of eminence have been attained by the graduates of the past fifteen or twenty years. This knowledge is due every intelligent Catholic, and failure to disseminate it is an indication of the lethargy from which we are endeavoring to rouse ourselves. This report would confine itself to the present generation; we have statistics on college men of the past generation.

The letters which have appeared in answer to mine of September 23 have been, in a large measure a confirmation of my statements. For example, it is painful to note an attitude of satisfaction in the rating of one of our Catholic colleges for women as a model small state college. It is rather difficult to find words for an attitude of this type. And this is an attitude which must be fought by thinking Catholics all along the line of Catholic activity, the complacency in the production of mediocrity. The claims of achievement made by other correspondents have been due either to a faulty conception of the term distinction, or are a reflection of the same attitude. All of the accomplishment mentioned is laudable but it does not go far enough.

The claim has been made that Catholic colleges are not producing their quota of men and women for the intellectual life of the nation. It has been stated that their failure to do so has been largely due to an unwise policy of over-extension. This term borrowed from finance seems to fit the situation.

Mrs. Byles's letter, in the issue of October 28, is an excellent contribution to the controversy. Her plan is similar to one which I have had in mind for years, and of which I intended to speak when enlarging on the idea of the coördination of the forces of the Catholic colleges.

Mrs. Byles suggests this coöperation of the teaching orders for the graduate schools. If we are ever to get out of the model small state college class, this coördination must be done in the undergraduate schools. We have the men and women in our religious orders who could put our colleges in the front rank for the quality of their respective departments, but they are not all in one community nor in one order of religious. It is granted that all the courses at our leading non-sectarian colleges are not equal in merit, but the problem of the non-sectarian college is not twofold as is that of the Catholic college. We cannot survive mere adequacy, and under the present wasteful system, colleges which might achieve distinction because of the excellence of one or two departments are crippled in other branches either because they have not the religious teachers to carry them on properly or because they have not the funds to call on lay specialists.

There is another angle to this problem. The principal contribution of many of our finely equipped religious teachers is often compassed with difficulty because they must frequently be called to conduct classes or administer activities outside the field of their specialities. They have the equipment for these outside activities, but the result is that they are working more hours than any teacher should be called upon to work if he is to maintain his efficiency. I do not think that Catholic colleges should boast of the fact that there are men and women, religious teachers giving lectures in two and sometimes three subjects, and teaching six days a week, with little respite. This industry is an inspiring example, but humanly speaking, it is a tragic mistake. There have been instances in which colleges have lost for a long period, and sometimes permanently, the services of men and women at a time when they should have been at their highest point of efficiency. Lack of wisdom destroyed their effectiveness when it should have been at its peak. This unwisdom has been forced on these communities because there could not be found within the community, teachers equally equipped for assisting in the work, and because the community had not the funds necessary for the engaging of a lay specialist of equal scholastic standing.

This is a condition which would be largely eliminated by a coördination of the educational resources held within the ranks of the various religious orders. In a large central college there would be no serious crippling of the staff when an instructor withdrew because of illness, second novitiate, time of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profession or at the time of any of those other hiatus which present problems for the teaching orders. Students could always be reasonably sure of excellent instruction from men and women fresh for their work.

In addition to relieving the burden of the instructors, students would be able to have the best which the Church has to offer among its communities for their education. It is reported that Cardinal Mundelein has under consideration a plan providing for the coöperation of the teaching orders in a Catholic college. His plan, I believe, contemplates assigning certain subjects to certain orders. This plan has its merits, but I do not think that in this way we should be able to get at the best available within our religious communities, and a plan of this sort would be narrowing in its effect on the intellectual life of the communities. The selection of the best without regard for per capita representation would seem to be the plan which would be productive of the most good for the student.

All of our religious orders have the same purpose: the sanctification of the individual, and the service of God through work and prayer for others. The orders have joined forces at the Catholic University, why should they not join forces in the administration of the colleges? When this is done, our colleges will be in a position to offer the type of instruction for which ambitious students now have to attend non-sectarian colleges. There will be the added advantage that physical facilities will not be as great a problem as they are at present to the many boards of trustees. I do not believe that I overstress the point of physical facilities. The physical facilities which I conceive to be important are not gymnasiums, auditoriums, dormitories or even science halls and library buildings. I recognize the importance of all these items of plant. The physical facilities which must be supplied if Catholic colleges shall have title to a claim to superiority are apparatus for the science halls and books for the library buildings.

There would be no need for any college to struggle along with inadequate equipment if there were a coördination of our Catholic college facilities. We should have adequacy of staff and equipment. I know of Mark Hopkins and his log. The fault at present is that there are too many logs.

It is inconceivable that anyone should deny the superiority of the ideals of higher education under Catholic auspices. I can see no substitute for it. But, ideals are not sufficient to carry us along. If an ideal be actually present there is always a degree of accomplishment, but accomplishment in compatibility with our ideals cannot be attained until the obstacles placed in its way by the present system are removed by coöperation. Until that time comes, Catholic colleges will continue to deprive hundreds of the spiritual and other values which they have to offer because these students will be forced to go to non-sectarian colleges for what they need.

After consolidation has been accomplished, there remains the question of the existing plants. Some of these could be used as schools of special training for students unable to assimilate a course for a bachelorate; the young and untrained bond salesman or insurance salesman, frequently a college misfit, intellectually, would not then be the possessor of a degree meaning nothing but a four years' residence in academic halls. Catholic students need a good school of business administration and finance, for example. Other specialized preparation could be given in these schools, but I think that the greatest service in which the already existing college plants could be used is that of providing preparatory schools which would educate and in which the theories of vocational guidance could be sanely applied. There would not then be the tragedy which occurs so frequently in modern life of mediocrity in the professions. This is characteristic of the products of the large non-sectarian schools as well as of the Catholic colleges. The minimizing of this condition would be a worthy objective for Catholic educators. The seeds of misdirection and indirection are planted in the preparatory school, and planted by lack of guidance and over-much guidance. The place at which corrective measures should be taken is the preparatory school. The mission of the preparatory school is sufficient to engage the intelligent attention of many directors who are struggling futilely against the odds furnished by our over-extended college system.

The coördination of our college resources can be made. After all, ours is the Catholic Church; we were not meant to conquer by the scattering of our forces. A large advance in the way of progress can be made by insisting on the unity of purpose, by eliminating the "just as good" psychology, and by fostering loyalty without sentimentality.

C. Molanphy.

SCHOOLS AND A STUDY CLUB

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—What practical results, do you suppose, will be produced by the controversy on the matter of Catholic education? In each letter there are valuable ideas; in many there are points worth accurate inquiry; in some there are statements calling for verification. The whole subject ought to be mapped out and studied thoroughly.

We should, first of all, agree as to which of our schools are colleges and which universities. We should then have a comparative study of all colleges and universities. We should at least suggest to all Catholic colleges that they begin the systematic collection of data as to the achievements of their graduates. And we should in a dispassionate and scientific manner compare and weigh and balance both Catholic and non-Catholic colleges and universities, as to their religious value, their moral value, their intellectual value, and their social value.

Then the weak points of both kinds of schools would begin to show up, and the faculties of our own Catholic schools would, I am certain, joyfully set the example of strengthening what is weak in their systems or methods. That non-Catholic schools would take the hint and face the truth about their short-comings—we might hope even for that. They constantly cry out for light.

Why should not The Commonweal make a practical contribution to the education of our children by inaugurating now, while interest runs high, a club or group to study the subject? Did not the Calvert Associates include the formation of study clubs among their proposed plans?

Dorothy O'Connell.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:—My attention has been called to your courteous comment upon the recent Catholic Congress in New Haven, wherein you say—"There was, to begin with, an amazing amount of liturgical discussion."

May I point out that this is altogether erroneous? There was no "liturgical discussion," and the program of the sessions indicates that quite other subjects occupied the minds of the bishops, priests, and laity present.

William Harman van Allen.
Chairman, Catholic Congress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Modern Clothes Hamlet

AFTER seeing this highly interesting and partly successful production which Mr. Liveright has presented, I am convinced that it will give rise to a future and more completely successful production in the same spirit. The defects are not, I believe, inherent in the idea itself, but spring rather from a lack of appreciation for the universal elements which drama must express if it is to be durable.

Hamlet must, for example, express the essence of a court or of a seat of government. It would violate the genius of Shakespeare's drama far less to alter the text slightly and call the kingdom Graustark than to retain the name and exhibit a court which gives no sense of being a court at all. There is no real reason why one should be afflicted with the anarchronism of ancient Danish politics presented in highly modern terms; but there is a very definite reason why one should create the illusion that this action takes place at the seat of a powerful government. For government and its dignity are universal and enduring ideas. As a background, they lend sweep and power to the drama set against them. It is in neglecting to create this central illusion, rather than in any accident of the period of costume, that the Liveright production fails. It has been overbold where reverence was a dramatic necessity, and scrupulously exact and traditional where the literal spirit might be considered a dramatic vice.

I am confessedly unacquainted with the etiquette of modern court life. It may be argued against me that in certain lesser courts today the familiar friends of a young prince dress in coats with only one button, or wear trousers sadly in need of pressing, or look as if they were happier in an automat than at a formal dinner. But for the present purpose I am not interested in modern court gossip. What I would like to see, as a dramatic background for a compelling tragedy, is the definite illusion of dignity, appropriateness, grace and restrained manners which are of the essence of all seats of strong government of all times and all places. Even a dissolute court—and there have been all too many in history—has its outward mask of ceremony and dignity. This is the quality which Hamlet needs to achieve Shakespeare's purpose.

Of the contrast between the poet's majestic lines and the familiarity of modern costume, there is no genuine cause for complaint. The theatre at best, as Gordon Craig so often points out, is but a tangled mass of conventions. Make-up is a convention. Rooms with only three sides are conventions. The division into scenes, with incongruous curtain calls, is another convention. Even what we have come to regard as the most colloquial and realistic speech of the modern theatre would reveal under analysis almost nothing in common with the speech of daily life. So, to me, at least, there is no theatrical conflict or incongruity in having characters in modern dress talk in blank verse. It is just one more theatrical convention to accept.

And I think if you would ask twenty people at random from the audience of this new Hamlet, you would find that most of them had forgotten by the third scene that the speech seemed strange or irreconcilable. In fact, as one friend suggested to me, it is highly possible that the success of this new convention (new to us, for it was surely a convention in Shakespeare's own day) may lead to a revival of verse as a dramatic vehicle in plays of contemporary life.

In all those moments of the Liveright production when the essential dignity of the piece is maintained, it achieves a stirring reality and force. The scene of the King at prayer I have never caught with such full power before—thanks partly to the finely graded acting of Mr. Waldron, but quite as much to the fact that we have here a universal problem stated in immediate and recognizable terms. The abundant humor of other scenes and lines becomes more sharply defined in proportion as costume and mannerisms more readily give us the key to the types represented. And who can say that even the introduction of the ghost, as an objective figure, is incongruous in times when sedate scientists prattle about ectoplasms. If you are more sanely inclined to think of the ghost subjectively, modern psychologists are more than ready to show you why it is a powerful dramatic symbol.

So much for the general aspects of this adventure. The Hamlet of Mr. Basil Sidney merits an honorable comparison with other interpretations. It is not a Hamlet I like—now that Walter Hampden's performance has convinced me that Shakespeare intended to create an heroic figure. Mr. Sidney's Hamlet is neurotic and emotional throughout. In the first scenes this was plausible and convincing, but the mood endured too long. It never achieved maturity and heroic force. The sense of torture and repression became monotonous. The King, I have already mentioned, and the Queen of Miss Morrison was effective in the closet scene, if lacking in essential dignity elsewhere. Miss Helen Chandler's Ophelia was a disappointment, in spite of its charming simplicity and pathos. She never dominated her part. One felt that she was approaching it through childish emotions rather than maturing intelligence and deeper feeling. To conclude the list, a word of praise should go to the Polonius of Mr. Lawford. Its sharp senility was captivating.

The Last Night of Don Juan

I DON'T know when I have been more pleased with a production of the Greenwich Village Theatre (meaning Messrs. Magowan, O'Neill and Jones) than in this version of Rostand's Don Juan. I say this in spite of certain distinct reservations to be noted presently, and because I have come to admire, above all else in the work of this important group, the courage they show in risking popular misunderstanding. Readers of this page may recall that I have often been in sharp disagreement with what was formerly the Provincetown triumverate, but never on the score of the artistic impulse back of their work or of their courage. They have done more to prod the American theatre to a higher standard than any other group. They have recorded some failures which were purely heroic. They have struck some popular successes which I would much rather have seen fail. Their work is sometimes inchoate, incomplete or roughly fashioned. They seem to care too much for artistic expression for its own sake, and not to delve deeply enough into the dramatic ethics of certain plays they select. But there is no more sincere group of workers to be found in the American theatre, and none whose influence has spread farther, even to the commercial strongholds of Broadway.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rostand's Don Juan is an example in point of a work that commercial managers would shun. It is sharp, sensitive, keen in its underlying philosophy, ruthless in its irony, and devastating in its subtle blasts at the libertine who has never loved anything but himself (sometimes as reflected in others) and whose greatest punishment is the fact that he has created nothing. It is a play of intellect rather than warm emotions. It is much too good for Broadway—wherefore our sincere thanks to the Greenwich Village pioneers!

Mr. Sidney Howard's translation of this play is delightfully in keeping with its mood, as are the highly imaginative stage settings of James Reynolds. The direction of Robert Milton shows a firm and deft hand particularly in the difficult scene when Don Juan finds himself surrounded by the ghosts of his former loves.

But I do feel that the three principal characters received inadequate treatment. Stanley Logan acted well as Don Juan, but he allowed the overtones of his voice to blur what ought to be an extremely crisp and delicate diction. Augustin Duncan showed a clear understanding of the devil, but with a rather dulled edge. And Miss Cooper's voice as the White Shadow was somehow too light and too metallic to carry the full illusion of spirituality which her gestures and pantomine conveyed with such exquisite grace. In spite of these reservations, this production is one of the most interesting and invigorating of the season to date.

In Selecting Your Plays

(*The following list includes all plays reviewed in The Commonweal—favorably or otherwise—which are still playing in New York.*)

Accused—A fine Belasco cast, headed by E. H. Sothern, in an absorbing play of Brieux's.

Adam Solitaire—The finest imaginative work produced by the Provincetown Players.

A Man's Man—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.

Applesauce—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.

Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction.

Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.

Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.

Hamlet—A new and superb interpretation by Walter Hampden in the heroic mood.

Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.

Outside Looking In—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.

Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.

Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.

The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.

The Carolinian—An uneven romantic play of the Revolution.

The Glass Slipper—One beautiful theme and June Walker's fine acting almost hidden by needless trash.

The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.

The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.

The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.

These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tiptoeing on Arlen débris.

Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and understanding audience.

BOOKS

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS

SO FAR as books are concerned this is a boy's world. Not only is there a wealth of books of every type published especially for him, but a surprising number of books supposedly written for his father are open to him. Boys are the best audience in the world for explorers' books. Who is so interested as the boy in big game hunting, or world flight, or sea adventure? For him no doors have yet closed. For him all paths are still open. All and more than any other man has done, he may still do. The "thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," but they have yet to learn restriction and limitation. No grown person can day-dream without some tinge of bitterness, because reality has taught him the limitations of his own ability. He has learned that all things are not possible for him. This knowledge subtly colors his reaction to many books.

The boy with all the world before him may reach out into any variety of fields. Unless they are too technical the books of the naturalist, of the scientist, and of the historian come within the range of boys' reading. And the very important fact of this breadth of interest is that when we study the books designed especially for boys we find that all these fields have been drawn upon—though the books are simplified or revised to make their appeal to various ages. Of course there is no absolute distinction possible between books for boys and books for girls. There always have been some boys who liked fairies and some girls who enjoyed Indians. But just as women invade men's fields of activity while few men show the desire to take up women's work, some girls will instinctively select books from the boys' lists—but the boy who used to write the publishers of his delight in the Elsie books was a rarity.

There are two books for boys this year for which boys themselves are directly responsible. One is twelve-year-old David Putnam's own account of his experiences with William Beebe's Arcturus expedition, David Goes Voyaging, an account of "volcanoes, sea lions, diving, bird-nesting, pirates, lost treasure, sharks, harpooning, 'neverything." It is a very natural, modest story of a boy who had most unusual opportunities. Made-to-Order Stories are stories written to order by Dorothy Canfield for her ten-year-old son, Jimmy Canfield Fisher, who dislikes fairies and things which are not true and stories with a moral. In this book he himself suggests the ingredients for each story. One combination is "a sack of potatoes, a busted bicycle, a fox caught in a trap, a pony-cart, and a house afire. And of course a little boy." Not every little boy can have a real novelist for a mother, but one imagines that a good many of them will enjoy this game of having their own stories made to order.

Another book with a great deal to recommend it is The Shaman's Revenge, by Violet Irwin and Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who wrote Kak, one of the best children's books of 1924. The Eskimo boy Kak is also the hero of the new story, which is in large part founded upon real events in Stefansson's own career as an explorer. The story centers about his famous trip over the sea ice, when he went without provisions, secure in his belief that it was possible to live off the country, the success of which experiment revolutionized Arctic exploration. Northward Ho!, another book of Stefansson's, has this season been adapted for younger boys and girls by Julia Augusta Schwartz. The book is full of pictures and full of the exact detailed information about Eskimo and Arctic life which must recommend it to children. The pictures and accounts of Arctic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flowers, insects, birds, and animals are especially interesting and make it valuable for study as well as for entertainment.

Padraic Colum's Voyagers is one of the most delightful boys' books of this season, telling in Mr. Colum's own way the story of the great explorers. One chapter is devoted to the man who gave his name to this country, but of whom so comparatively little is known. Mr. Colum has still another book for children, The Forge in the Forest, revealing the more imaginative side of his genius. It is indeed the most imaginative of his many children's books.

There are this year a number of new editions which are unusually noteworthy. Perhaps first of these we would place the new edition of The Pilot, by James Fenimore Cooper, with pictures by Donald Teague, a very beautiful book for anyone to possess. The Beacon Hill Bookshelf (Boston: Little Brown and Company) that very good new series of reprints of copyright books, has added to its list The Oregon Trail, by Francis Parkman, Jo's Boys, by Louisa M. Alcott and Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail, by Arthur R. Thompson. The make-up of these books is very pleasing. The Disappointed Squirrel contains stories—delightfully illustrated—from W. H. Hudson's The Book of a Naturalist. Hudson has lived so close to animals that his books appeal especially to lovers of animals. The Prince and the Page, by Charlotte M. Yonge —a story of the times of King Edward I—has been added to the Macmillan Children's Classics. Macmillan has three noteworthy series of children's books to which they add titles each year—The Little Library, a very pleasant series of books for little tots; The Children's Classics, and True Stories of Great Americans, with its volumes on Nathan Hale, Daniel Boone, Benjamin Franklin, Davey Crockett, and other important Americans. The Little Sea Dogs contains reprints of some of Anatole France's sympathetic studies of children. The new edition of Charles Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities, with its many colored illustrations by Rowland Wheelwright, is a book for older boys and girls, but one which many will be glad to own.

There are an unusually large number of good new books this season. Doctor Doolittle's Zoo shows that Hugh Lofting is losing none of his inimitable charm. Personally I find this book better than last year's Doctor Doolittle. Og—Boy of Battle, by Irving Crump, is a story of the beginning of life, of the boy who first mastered fire and tamed wolf cubs—a thrilling story for imaginative children. Constance Lindsay Skinner's Silent Scot is an exciting historical tale founded largely on real incidents of the Revolutionary War period, by an author who is doing some excellent magazine writing for both boys and girls. Father Finn's Sunshine and Freckles is a thrilling, up-to-the-minute tale of the real estate boom in Florida. The hero is a fine American boy and the atmosphere and incidents are so real that a good many readers will feel themselves in Florida again. Tonty of the Iron Hand, by Everett McNeil, is a tale taken from a recently translated old French manuscript and describes a boy's adventures with La Salle, and his companion, Henry Tonti, in the exploration of the Mississippi River. The Last Lap, by Father McGrath, is the first story by this author—a good exciting boy's story containing a wealth of delightful Irish idiom. In Ocean Gold, Edison Marshall, who has written novels of the far North, writes a story of buried treasure searched for amid Alaskan blizzards. One of the very best of all the boys' books of the year is the Boys' Book of Camp Fires, by Frank H. Cheley—a book of camp-fire cooking, stunts, songs and stories, to recall the delights of camp life to boys who have known it, and to rouse in those who have not experienced it a desire for camp life.

A fairly comprehensive list of boys' books for 1925 includes—

David Goes Voyaging, by David Binney Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Made-to-Order Stories, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Shaman's Revenge, by Violet Irwin and Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Northward Ho!, by Julia Augusta Schwartz. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Voyagers, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Forge in the Forest, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Pilot, by James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrations by Donald Teague. New York: Minton, Balch and Company.

The Oregon Trail, by Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Jo's Boys, by Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail, by Arthur R. Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Disappointed Squirrel, by W. H. Hudson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Prince and the Page, by Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Little Sea Dogs, by Anatole France. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens. Illustrations by Rowland Wheelwright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Doctor Doolittle's Zoo, by Hugh Lofting, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Og—Boy of Battle, by Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Silent Scot, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sunshine and Freckles, by Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Tonty of the Iron Hand, by Everett McNeil. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Last Lap, by Fergal McGrath, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

One Macmillan Book a Week

St. Augustine's

DE CIVITATE DEI CONTRA PAGANOS

Edited by J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D., Dean of Durham

This edition, complete and unabridged, of Augustine's great book, besides the Latin text complete, supplies a commentary upon the book as a whole, with an introduction showing the nature and the process of the argument, and appendices. Two volumes, octavo, 508 and 707 pages. ***Price per set, $15.00***

At your book store or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue **New York, N. Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ocean Gold, by Edison Marshall. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Boys' Book of Camp Fires, by Frank H. Cheley. Boston: W. A. Wilde and Company.

Sid Turner, Fire Guard, by James Howard Hull. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Boy Explorers on Tiger Trails in Burma, by Warren H. Miller. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Told Beneath the Northern Lights, by Roy J. Snell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

DOROTHEA LAWRANCE MANN.

One Increasing Purpose, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

Old Youth, by Coningsby Dawson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.00.

IT IS a world-old prejudice that writers are a bad lot; that critics are worse; that critics ridicule good, sensible, sentimental people, who say their prayers and always walk with decorum; that they have only praise for the raffish—supposedly like themselves. Even authors admit it—particularly those of serious high mindedness that write to improve the good souls that read them. Authors—as distinguished from writers—with a flair for the prophetic are privy to this also. They remark it in passing on their way to elevate the good souls to their higher plane. Yet there is something peculiar, to be sure, in this exaltation that blandly allows these "minions of the moon" to take themselves too seriously, for all their higher purpose. This procedure, however, sets our best sellers apart from their depraved critics and writers who prefer a stricter integrity of literature—of course the preference is wholly due to their high mission and the money that results is of no matter. In fact, Mr. Hutchinson, in this latest message admonishes the depraved critics—such a frightful flagellation—who fail to find proof of his validity in his large sellings of novels.

So the vile reviewer—this one being in the line of duty—takes another look at the message from the transcendental spirits. In spite of such assistance, he cannot help but note that the delivery is still the same involved style, a tortured explosion of words that suggests that the message is being expressed in inverted syntax. The astral connection must be in turmoil. Certainly, Mr. Hutchinson has a poor connection with Carlyle. Why not also consider that excellent Platonic idea of transcending by inclusion? Jerking a depraved one to sudden spiritual heights is difficult, especially when the directions all read backward.

The mouthpiece for this message is a young infantry major, Sim, who after serving through four years of the late unpleasantness, without injury, believes himself purposely spared to lead the world to righteousness. Apparently, he was not a churchgoer and was unconscious of the great body devoted to this service. Perhaps it is meant as criticism? How appalling, though, if all infantry majors, that had lived, had been equally inspired. A doctor, in the beginning, might have been helpful to Sim. But Sim thought of none of these things—he had one increasing purpose—that lusty juvenile desire to set all the world right. But he had not entirely left the earth, for he meets Elizabeth. He had loved her, but had lost track of her, and now they would be married, only she has to pay her father's debt, which will take her twenty years. Such a pity it is that Mr. Hutchinson's male characters never can do anything for the women they love. Other characters are equally remarkable, Lida, for instance, who had been a bud and a blossom of beauty, developed with the war into fruit. Now this may all inspire the good folks with rapture. Very well. To me, it is folly and childish babble, flanked with dismal pleasantries, only surpassed by an offensiveness that seldom in its frequent public appearances attempts to pass as literature.

Now it is extremely futile to be too dogmatic about literature, past or present. However, it is not unreasonable to insist that a book should first of all be entertaining. In Mr. Dawson's novel we find the old device of romance—the parted lovers. In the old Greek tales, lovers were separated and wandered for half a life, to meet later and recognize each other by a birth mark. But that was before the invention of sentimentalism. Today lovers may carry parted twigs, locks of hair, or just a fond memory—which device, to reviewers, has become known as twigging.

Old Youth is a twigging story. Eve (such an originally named character) in her youth, had loved Dick violently, and then, of course, had married another, who at thirty-six left her a weary widow. Eve gushes self-pity for herself and her lost wasted youth. Dick, however, returns after eighteen years and claims Eve as his ideal love, to whom he has been devoted in thought, though far off. But now she wants adventure and he wants to settle down in a home. A tremendous conflict wages that they debate at length.

These "minions of the moon" are sickly fellows whose romancing has lost lustre and vitiated its vigor in wallowing sadly over some pathetic fallacy instead of adventuring anew. The fatuousness and futility of such sentimentality annoys beyond any possible pleasure from the unconscious ribald entertainment supplied. Such stories, as these two novels of Mr. Dawson and Mr. Hutchinson, with their hopeless puppets babbling in print, with no more relation to the body and spirit of life than a few obvious gestures, are of a despair, that makes the dark broodings of the Russians seem like happy children of Pollyanna, for they in their bitterness have not denied the existence of this world.

EDWIN CLARK.

Syllabus on International Relations, by Parker Thomas Moon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

INTEREST in ways and means of international association is constantly growing. As a result people are also discussing the fundamental principles which have guided the activity of nations during the past half-century. Professor Moon's book, designed as it is for study-clubs and earnest civic groups, is a convenient digest of materials and bibliographies arranged very clearly and intelligently. We have discussed the Syllabus elsewhere in this number. It is worth observing here that the volume is published through the Institute of International Education, whose director is Mr. Stephen P. Duggan. In an engaging foreword he explains the circumstances under which the project ripened: "The director invited a group, each of whom was engaged in teaching some branch of the subject to advise with him on the project. They were enthusiastic about the idea. It was agreed that Professor Moon should draw up the syllabus and present a part of it to the group once a week for criticism. This was done throughout a whole scholastic year. It means much for the accuracy and impartiality of the syllabus that such a group of specialists should have collectively considered and criticized it, section by section." We feel that the average reader will justly take up the work with confidence, and that he will look forward to the publication of the "companion volume" which the publishers assure us is soon to appear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The inconsequence of people nowadays rather bothers me," said Doctor Angelicus, as he removed his galoshes and raincoat. "On my way down town, while I was seated in the subway meditating on the merits of speed as contrasted with easeful life, a hatless young man tripped over my umbrella and to my profound apologies merely replied—'Go to the devil.'

" 'God bless you, young man,' I replied, philosophically, to which he responded rather roughly—'There is no God.'

" 'But you spoke of the devil. I congratulate you, sir, on your half belief.'

"There was a silence: people stared at me, thinking me, I am sure, a queer one."

Criticus looked up from his newspaper—"You must have met one of our daily critics, Doctor. Here is one of them, Bide Dudley, in his column avowing that he does not understand Rostand's Don Juan. If there are no blessings without God, and no curses without Satan, our rhetoric is sadly impaired to say the least."

Doctor Angelicus pulled a folded paper from his large pocket wallet. "Dana Skinner must have felt this when he wrote these verses, so unamiably entitled—It's Hell."

"Do read them," said Hereticus; "even over the radio, poetry is either stimulating or soporific."

"At this hour," responded the Doctor, with a pre-luncheon touch of acerbity, "it is stimulating." He began to read—

"What melancholy it must stir to see
A play you cannot fully understand,
A play, gadzooks, of infelicity
Which tells how Satan deftly plays the band
For Mammon's best disciple—young Don Juan!
The trouble is—ah, there's the rub!—that hell
For you has grown outmoded—far too wan
For astigmatic eyes to glimpse full well.

In fairness to the poet's simple thought
Suppose you let his words instruct your mind,
(For poets sometimes do use words to tell
The visions that their humble souls have caught!)
The devil, then, and Don Juan, too, did find
That love of self—creating naught—is hell.

Tittivillus, in a corner, began to whistle the melody of I Love Me without a morbid thought in his head, as he emptied a basketful of unavailable poetry, in an attempt to encourage the expiring log in the fireplace. Hereticus said—

"I wonder what sense some of our critics must make out of Dante's Divine Comedy or Milton's Paradise Lost. They seem to understand the philosophy of Carmen—"

"Especially the Habanera," interjected Miss Anonymoncule.

"This mental deliquescence began with George Bernard Shaw: his Man and Superman has thrown these light-baggage critical trains off the literary and philosophic tracks—not even Rostand seems to be able to switch them back to the main line."

Doctor Angelicus roused himself at this. "It was Zorilla's Don Juan Tenorio that upset the Spanish temperament with speeches as cloying as those from The Lady of Lyons. I cannot blame Mozart—the dear young man was thinking only of music when he wrote Don Giovanni—and people at the opera are not supposed to indulge in philosophical considerations. One must be an alienist, nowadays, to have any suspicion of diabolical activities. Such an acrid old sinner as Huysmans

MARSHALL JONES COMPANY

Announce the publication of

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

(*St. Francois D'Assise*)

By

DOM PEDRO SUBERCASEAUX ERRAZURIZ

of Quarr Abbey, Isle of Wight

The fifty paintings are reproduced in colors in a volume which has been acclaimed as "in every way the most beautiful of the year."

No more distinctive or appropriate gift book can be found than one of the autographed limited edition bound in full French hand-tooled levant. Copies will be ready and can be obtained from the publisher about Nov. 25. The price is $200.

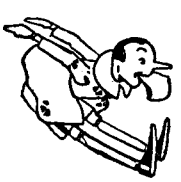
The regular edition is now ready and on sale at booksellers and by the publishers

Price $25.00

Circular on request

MARSHALL JONES COMPANY, *Publishers*

212 Summer Street **Boston**



Do you remember how the school boy Lampwick, and the wooden boy Pinocchio, were turned into Donkeys ?

PINOCCHIO

The Adventures of Pinocchio, by C. Collodi, *illustrated by* Attilio Mussino, *translated anew and entire for this edition by* Carol Della Chiesa. *$5.00*

We have watched both Italian and American children poring over the hundreds of gay, spirited, vigorous pictures in this book. After long waiting, it is here: printed in Italy, bound strongly in America, the most unusual gift book seen in many years.

Hasten, my dear children, to read why Pinocchio's nose grew long, longer, longest of all noses !

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Boston Chicago Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memorial Stained Glass Windows
FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.
JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*
1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York
Telephone Whitehall 3631

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd St. and Convent Ave., New York City
Autumn and Winter Sessions 1925-1926
NORMAL COURSES IN
Music I, II, III, and IV Gregorian Chant
Classes in Choir Directing, Violin, Organ and Harmony
For calendar and further information, address THE SECRETARY,
Pius X School

TITLE PAGE AND INDEX
FOR VOLUME II
The title page and index for Volume II of THE COMMONWEAL are now ready. These will be sent upon request.
Arrangements have been made for binding THE COMMONWEAL in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be furnished upon application to this office.
THE COMMONWEAL
Suite 4624
Grand Central Terminal New York, N. Y.

READ THIS CAPTIVATING NARRATIVE!
You will be fascinated by its picturesque simplicity.
BROTHER ANDRÉ
By WILLIAM H. GREGORY
A New York Newspaper Man's Impressions
of St. Joseph's Oratory, Mount Royal, Montreal
PRICE, $1.00—POSTPAID, $1.10
On sale at all Catholic Book Stores or direct from
WILLIAM J. HIRTEN CO., Inc.
25 Barclay Street New York, N. Y.

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

confessed himself to be, gave the devil his last kick in real literature, but even he seemed to revert to the hairy-monster, cloven-footed species. The melodrama with the villain in his evening clothes and silk hat seems about all that is left in the popular mind of the baleful glittering Fiend of the Ages."

"Are you regretful of this, Doctor?" asked Hereticus.

"Well, only in a way," was the answer. "It seems a pity to vulgarize and make ridicule of what is a dire fact in our Christian belief. Where are our cartdrivers going to send you, if they won't believe in hell? The old apple woman at the depot really gladdens my heart with her 'God bless you'—because I am sure she is not a biblical critic, and so can offer up an honest, appreciable prayer for me. If she put the curse of the devil, or Cromwell, upon me, I should feel miserable for the day."

"You are not suggesting a belief in witchcraft, Doctor," offered Primus Criticus, in his best New England accent.

"No," confessed the Doctor slowly, "I shall admit that they refused to permit me to be weighed when I was born—though they say I was an extraordinary child—and even now I feel that it is unlucky to have anybody step over me. You cannot call me actually superstitious, Hereticus, for I have always made it a point to start my journeys on Fridays and the thirteenth of the month, as I find that the boats and trains are never crowded on these days."

Primus Criticus looked severely at the Doctor and said—"We have traveled far from the subject, and listened to your obiter dicta in patience. Tell me, Doctor, do you know Rostand's Don Juan? Have you read it or seen it performed?"

"Why, my dear Criticus, this is a rather peremptory interrogation! Is it necessary to read and see all the things we talk about? I believe in free speech and honesty. I answer your question: I have neither seen nor read Rostand's much vaunted Don Juan. If this be treason, make the most of it!"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN is the author of Au Pays de la Vie Intense and other books.

DR. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is a university professor of long standing, now a writer, living in New York City.

PATRICK J. WARD is a writer on sociological subjects.

BARRY BYRNE is an architect of Boston, Massachusetts, and a contributor of articles on architecture to the magazines.

DON C. SEITZ is a member of the editorial staff of the New York World, and the author of Discoveries in Everyday Europe.

GRENVILLE VERNON is a critic of music.

J. CORSON MILLER, a contributor of poetry to current publications, is the author of Veils of Samite.

DOROTHEA LAWRANCE MANN is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW
An illustrated critical review covering all that is best in Catholic art of the past and the present.
ARCHITECTURE—PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE ART —LITURGICAL ART—MUSIC—POETRY—THEATRE
Published every two months
THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW
13 Maple Street London, W. 1, England
Price: $3.00 *per annum, post free*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED